

# COUNTRY LIFE

## ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

LADY ROSSMORE.

Dublin

## THE SALMON.

**M**OST people, we suppose, are aware that salmon can be caught in the sea as well as in the rivers, but that there are always migrations twice a year from sea to river and river to sea is not perhaps so universally known.

We need not weary our readers by conjectures as to when these migrations became a regular habit, but it will be well to bear in mind that the salmon is essentially a sea fish and that it is in the sea that it grows.

Rivers were an afterthought of Nature, and the salmon found in them a refuge from its numerous enemies, and a safe place in which to lay its spawn. Let us now follow a pair of salmon, and go with them up a river, and watch them and find out all we can about them.

The warm sea in the middle of August is full of salmon lice, which hook on to our two friends and drive them nearly mad with itch. A great flood comes down a river and entices the fish to try its waters as a cure. Off they go then, rushing through the lighter water at full speed, throwing themselves into the air and shaking every scale, before falling back with a splash which can be heard for a long distance. They have now got up ten miles; the flood has passed, and, freed from their tiny tormentors, they lie quietly waiting for the next, to resume their upward journey.

Now the angler has his chance, and one of our friends, seeing a curious shrimp-like creature passing through the water, rashly seizes it, and finds that he has laid hold of the strongest shrimp that he has ever yet come across. In vain he dashes about, his wife anxiously following his unusual movements; his strength is failing, and he is drawn steadily towards the shore. There

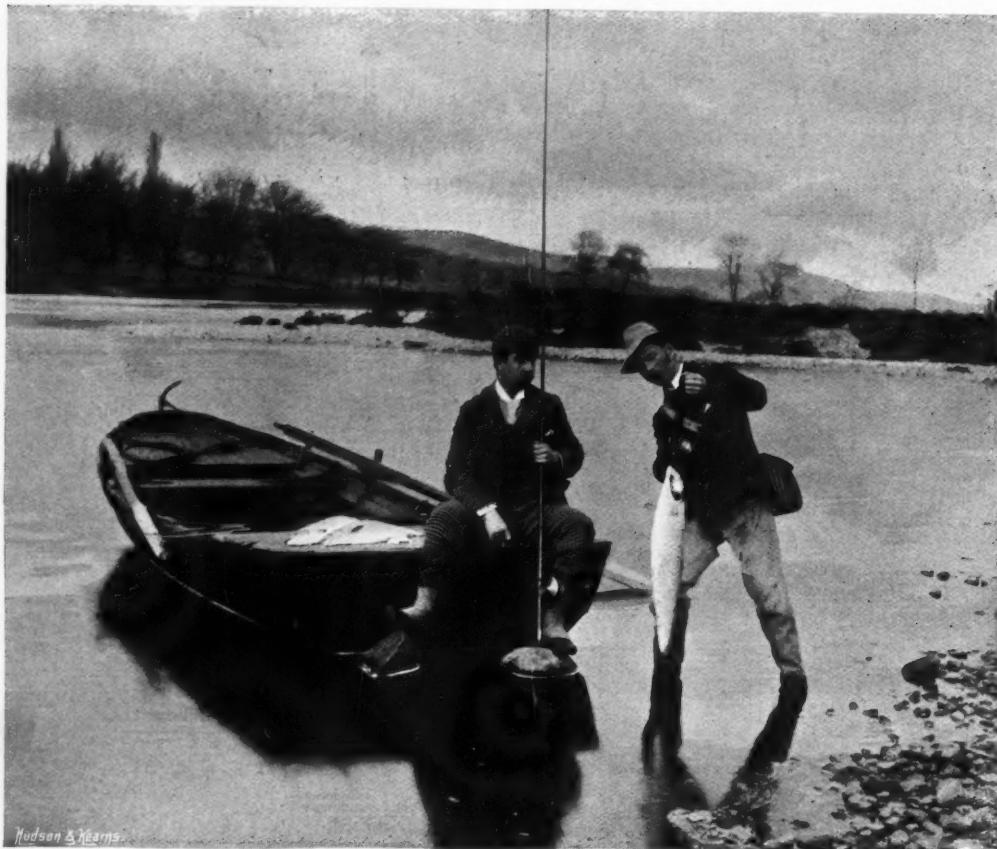


Photo. by J. Munro,

A GOOD CATCH.

Dingwall.

he notices a tall two-legged creature, and his terror lends him renewed vigour, and with one despairing rush and plunge he frees himself from his unpleasant restraint.

We need not join the angler to hear what he has to say. Our salmon and his wife, no doubt, talk the matter over and wait patiently for a flood, and do no more hunting. Early in October they get what they are waiting for, and dash upwards to the clean bed of gravel where they were born and reared.

They find a capital place to lay their spawn, and have finished this delicate operation at the end of November. So ends their river work, for they must take no more interest in their future offspring, unless, perhaps, they have the luck to meet one of them and eat it some day.

And now they begin their return journey to the sea, for they are sick and tired, and irritating worms have got into their gills, and their beautiful silvery sides are brown and ugly and spotted with red, and their flesh is no longer pink, but white and unwholesome. A flood comes, and down they go, not swimming boldly, but being washed down with their heads up stream. Both are ravenously hungry, and seize everything that comes near them, but no river food can make them well and strong, for they are sea fish and must go home to be fed up again.

How different is this downward passage to the active rushing upward journey. Now they fall down the rapids, then they darted up them like arrows, putting on extra speed when a great leap had to be made, leaving the water like a rigid bar of silver with every fin



Photo. by J. Munro,

GOING HOME.

Dingwall.



laid flat. Failure in a leap only meant renewed effort. But now the poor ugly weak creatures are bundled down and down until they come at last to the healthy, pure wide sea. The worms are killed and washed out of their gills, and they can breathe again. Their skin quickly regains its proper colour, and the scales again shine like silver. Now they feast and play, and grow fat and happy, and by March are ready again to have a run up their favourite river. In that short time of sea-bathing both

have increased in weight to an extraordinary degree, for the gentleman was only 6lb. and his wife 5lb. when they went up to spawn in the autumn, and now they are each about 10lb. heavier. Spring fish they are, and we will leave them, for we have got to know them so well that we do not now want to see them making fools of themselves by getting caught by the two-legged creature who is waiting for them.

E. F. T. BENNETT.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short sporting stories dealing with racing, hunting, etc.

With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance, that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

The portrait of Mr. H. E. Linde is from a photograph by Lafayette and Co., Dublin.

## COUNTRY NOTES.

THE fine drying weather which we are experiencing during the closing days of March has been of the greatest value to the farmer; and the change which sunshine and wind have wrought in the appearance of the country is most noticeable. Everywhere ploughing and spring sowing are in full swing, and with the end of the hunting season close upon us, we may consider that spring has fairly commenced. The woods are carpeted with primroses, daffodils, violets, and other "flowers that bloom in the spring," and all so far looks well for the promised fine summer—real "Queen's weather"—that is to grace the Diamond Jubilee year.

Probably there are few things easier and safer than to prophesy what the weather will be on any given day a long way off. If the 1,000 to 3 chance of its being correct "comes off," the prophet has the advantage of being able to address his friends with that altogether exasperating "I told you so;" if, as is most probable, he is entirely wrong, he can hide his head and "lay low," and few people will remember his prophecy against him. One of these prophets holds forth as follows:—"On June 22nd, the Royal Commemoration Day, King Sol will shine brilliantly for about seven hours, and about two o'clock he will encircle himself with a halo, in honour of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, while Jupiter Tonans and Pluvius will, upon this unique and unparalleled historical imperial pageant, do graceful homage to Her Majesty by giving the inhabitants of London, the capital of capitals, a grand royal display of his natural fireworks, during which he will speak in thunderous accents, and his heavenly fountains will play for a short time before midnight on that day." Science is indeed progressing when such picturesque and altogether delightful forecasts can be made three months in advance.

Sunday, March 28th, was Mid-Lent Sunday, the Mi-Carême of the Continent, the "Mothering" Sunday of Northern provincial England. The origin of the term "Mothering" has given rise to much discussion, but without any definite result being arrived at on the point. It is one of the few remaining links which bind the England of to-day to the England of the Middle Ages. It is also known as "Simmel" Sunday, from the Simmel cake which it is customary to consume on this day. The rigour of the penitential season is relaxed, and Mid-Lent Sunday is observed in many parts of the country as a day for family reunions, second in importance only to Christmas-time.

As the season for plovers' eggs is now approaching, those who appreciate these delicacies should be careful, when they ask for plovers' eggs, to "see that they get them." The demand for these eggs is, of course, very great, and out of all proportion to the egg-producing power of the plover. But in order that their customers may not be disappointed, dealers in these luxuries press other birds into the service, with the result that many so-called plovers' eggs are laid by the moorhen, the redshank, the black-headed gull, and others of the feathered tribe whose eggs closely resemble those of the plover—so closely, in fact, that in many cases only an expert can detect the difference.

Those responsible for the public exhibition of the Cinematograph should certainly see that the instrument is worked with, at any rate, some small amount of intelligence. There was recently shown in public, in London, a film representing some men on horseback taking a big jump. The original photographs were evidently taken at the rate of some thirty or forty per second; they were shown at the rate of perhaps fifteen per second. The effect was ludicrous in the extreme—the horses, although going through all the motion of galloping, were moving very slowly, lopping along like Brer Rabbit, and when they came to the fence they gently rose in the air like inflated balloons. Unless the pictures are shown at approximately the same rate at which they were taken, ridiculous incongruities like this are certain to occur.

No sooner were the weights for the first big handicap of the season made public than it was evident that the prize would most likely go to an animal trained either by Robinson or

C. Peck, and the soundness of this view was proved when Winkfield's Pride got home two heads in front of Bridegroom, with Clorane, close up, fourth. It was probably lucky for St. Bris that this year's Lincoln Handicap winner did not take part in last year's Cesarewitch, for which he was given a very light weight. At that time he was supposed to be only a miler, whereas it is now known that staying is his real forte, and the only fear about him for last week's race was that he might not have quite enough dash for an event of that description.

That no mistake had been made with Bridegroom was shown when Funny Boat only kept him out of second place by a short head, and Mr. Calvert seems fated to run close in big handicaps, Chit Chat having occupied the same place in last year's Great Yorkshire Handicap, as well as being second in the Cesarewitch and fourth in the Cambridgeshire. The Jubilee Stakes, however, may make amends, seeing that Bridegroom has only 6st. 7lb. to carry in that race, and it is difficult to see how he can be beaten, unless Clorane can be made 14lb. better in the meantime than he was at Lincoln.

That he can be made some pounds better is certain, and he ran a great horse last week, seeing that he had been stopped in his work, and was short of a few good gallops. If it had not been for this it is probable that he and Winkfield's Pride would have been first and second, and he looks to have a great chance for the City and Suburban. Teufel, too, ran well enough to have a chance for the Epsom Handicap, with 2lb. less on his back, and I shall trust this good-looking horse once more, I think, especially as he ran well over this course in last year's Derby.

The Brocklesby Stakes, which brought out a field of unusually good-looking youngsters, was won by a typical Brocklesby colt in Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Gay Lothair by Lactantius out of Gay Lass. This is a charming two year old of the medium-sized, well-balanced, active type, all quality and use. His sire is by Petrarch out of Koumiss by Macaroni, and ran second for this race in 1889, whilst his dam is by Brag out of the late Lord Falmouth's Sprightly, by Hampton out of Lady Golightly, so that he lacks nothing on the score of fashionable blood, and though Brocklesby winners as a rule are no great shakes, it may be some time before Gay Lothair knows defeat.

Firearm, who ran second, is an exceedingly fine colt by Petronel, and he was bought by Sir Blundell Maple for a large sum after the race. Slice of Luck, too, is a very good-looking colt, and had been highly tried; but he got a bit chopped at the start, and was shut in, too, during the race, so that I shall expect him to do better soon. Others that had been well galloped at home were Advance, Catmint, and Little Blanche, and taken altogether, I think they were decidedly above the average of Brocklesby Stakes fields.

El Diablo could have won the first race of the Meeting, the Trial Stakes, in a canter, had he been so minded, but he is evidently a worse thief than ever, and would only make a dead heat of it with Overdue. Ugly went down in the Batthyany Stakes of five furlongs, which I thought Suppliant unlucky not to win, but he was beaten by a short head by Lo Ben, who was very quick off the mark. Lesterlin ran in this race, too, but he began slowly, and Earl of Annandale seems to have lost all his form. Delicacy beat a highly tried two year old in the filly by Ratton out of Courageous, for the Tathwell Stakes, and I shall expect to see her win plenty more races. The well-bred Buddler, by Gold out of Bal Gal, won the Sudbrooke Selling Plate for two year olds, and must have been cheap to Mr. MacLachlan at 240 guineas.

I was much struck with the perfect going this year at Aintree; indeed, I do not remember ever to have seen it quite so good. Steeplechasing at Liverpool is always better than anywhere else. In the first place, it is the only proper "country" left in these days, besides which there is an air of practical common-sense about all the arrangements, and one seldom goes there without finding some fresh improvement. This year quarter-sheets, embroidered with each horse's name, were worn by all the Grand National candidates in the paddock, a plan which saved a lot of enquiries, and made inspecting them a very much easier matter than it ever was before.

Up to Thursday night it had seemed to be a very open race. Cathal, Wild Man from Borneo, Ford of Fyne, and Mr. Dyas's best seemed to be the most likely lot to supply the winner. By Friday morning the atmosphere had cleared a good deal. Mr. Dyas, having failed to back Gentle Ida, struck her out. From that moment it was quite certain, bar accidents, that Manifesto would very nearly win. He looked a very much improved horse in the paddock. Last year he was light, tucked-up, and flat-sided. On this occasion he looked very different, showing plenty

of muscle, and must have been stones heavier, and although still too greyhound-like in his conformation to fulfil one's ideal of a really high-class steeplechaser, was undoubtedly a well-trained, useful-looking horse.

Ford of Fyne looked beautiful, as also did Nelly Gray. In fact these two, and Mr. Leyland's pair, Westmeath and Gauntlet, pleased me more than anything else. Cathal looked big, hard, and well, a very different horse to what he was last year, and Timon is a nice useful little horse, who looked fit to run for his life. I took a great fancy to Greenhill, who is a really nice horse, and was thoroughly trained, and The Soarer was looking better than ever before. On the other hand I thought Barcalwhey light, and by no means the horse he was last year, whilst it only required one look at the dried up, wasted Wild Man from Borneo to see that he was dead amiss and had no chance.

Of the two Australians, Daimio and Norton, the former is a great, fine horse, though I think he is probably too slow ever to win a good race in this country; but Norton is a common-looking brute, with nothing to recommend him, and I have always ridiculed his chance from the first, even when, for some extraordinary reason, he was first favourite in the market. The rest were, for the most part, too common a lot to need mention here.

That the best horse won, I think, and he was well ridden too by Kavanagh, who had him in a nice place all the way, but I am not sure if he would have beaten Timon if that horse's jockey had not got flurried and hit his horse when Manifesto raced up to him two fences from home. It must not be forgotten that the Irish horse was giving the other 21lb., and that would have told terribly in the run in, but however that may be, they both ran good horses, made nearly all the running between them, and ought to have finished first and second. Prince Albert's position at the finish showed that my information about him was correct, and he will win a good race some day, I think. Ford of Fyne is evidently the stayer his friends said that he was, and a beautiful jumper, too, but slightly troubled with the slows perhaps. Greenhill ran well, as did Barcalwhey till he fell, but Cathal was a beaten horse when he came down, and the two Walers ran just as I expected they would.

Although the lawn-tennis season proper only commences in May, when grass tournaments begin, the season opens with the Covered Courts' Championship at Queen's Club on April 5th, when, as usual, the gentlemen's singles, the ladies' singles, and the gentlemen's doubles will be contested on the same conditions as heretofore. The lady champion here is Miss Austin, and Messrs. W. V. Eaves and C. H. Martin have held the doubles' championship for two years. Both these championships originated at the Queen's Club, and this will be the third year that the singles have also been played on these courts, the challenge cup, which cannot now be won outright, being held by E. W. Lewis. Last year he beat the challenger, W. V. Eaves, in the championship round by three sets to two; and in 1895, owing to H. S. Mahoney—the previous holder—being indisposed, Lewis had a walk over, and once more gained the title of covered court champion, which he had lost to E. G. Meers, in 1892, at the Hyde Park L.T.C. Court, where the singles championship was held for so many years.

There was a good deal of talk last spring that cycling would be the death-blow to lawn-tennis, just as a few years ago golf was supposed to have ousted the game. Nevertheless, most of the summer tournaments easily upheld their reputation as regards the number of entries, while in many cases the standard of play was certainly above the average. Although it is somewhat premature to prophesy, there seems every indication of a successful lawn-tennis season, if one can judge from the number of dates applied for to the Lawn-Tennis Associations by tournament committees. Cycling and lawn-tennis should certainly go hand in hand, for it is very convenient to bicycle to one's club for daily play, or to tour from one tournament to another on the wheel.

Since the visit of the Winchester House L.T.C. to Paris, in 1895, lawn-tennis on the Continent is becoming more popular every year, especially in France and Germany. The second annual covered court championship of France takes place on the splendid courts of the Tennis Club de Paris at Easter, when many well-known English players have signified their intention of competing for the handsome prizes offered. M. F. Goodbody is the holder of the challenge cup, and will have to play through the preliminary rounds. R. B. Hough, Queen's Club, will be pleased to give intending competitors all the information required.

The international (England v. Ireland) match is this year to be played on the Gipsy L.T.C. Ground, at Stamford Hill,



immediately after the All-England Championships at Wimbledon. After considerable discussion it has been decided to hold the Inter-County Cup Competition again, which last year was won by Surrey, who beat Gloucestershire (the former holders) in the final round. For the sake of the game it is to be hoped that the distances to be travelled by either one or the other team—or in some cases by both—will not deter the best men from playing for their county whenever practicable. The Middlesex L.T.A. has decided on organising an inter-club competition divided into two classes, and the entries include all the best metropolitan clubs; and it is hoped that the rivalry existing between them will induce the respective captains to secure the services of their best men, and that there will be an immunity of "walks over."

The appearance of W. A. Larned at Wimbledon and other tournaments last year was much appreciated, and it will give all players great pleasure to see him again this summer, with as many other Americans who can find time to visit us. His match with H. Baddeley at the All-England Championships last year was one of the finest at the meeting, and it was very hard luck that he broke a string of his racquet during the game. To my mind his play very much resembles that of the ex-champion J. Pim, and his strokes are extremely severe and well placed. It would greatly add to the interest of this meeting if it were more of an international gathering, and the best French and German players, as well as our cousins across the Atlantic, could be induced to try conclusions at Wimbledon this, the Diamond Jubilee, year.

A Salopian correspondent writes me that although the proposed show of otter hounds at Shrewsbury is, for the time being, shelved, there is more than an outside chance of one of the best all-round dog shows in the West Midlands being held there during the summer. For a long time dog men in Shropshire have been agitating for a first-class show to be held there, the autumn gatherings at Wellington and Newport having proved how very popular is the district with outside fanciers, and a society was formed with the avowed object of holding an annual fixture. One or two interested gentlemen being also connected with the well-managed Shropshire and West Midland Agricultural Society, amalgamation was suggested. To the very great gratification of all concerned the suggestion of the dog men was favourably received, and a combined show will now be held at Shrewsbury the first week in July. The late Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale, to whose memory it is proposed to erect a memorial, would have most warmly supported the movement had he been spared, for no Salopian was more anxious to promote the interests of the kennel in the district with which he had been so closely connected.

Manchester show will long be memorable for the excellence of the sporting section, and not since the Kennel Club show in October has so fine a collection been got together. Mr. A. B. Freeman Mitford once more entered the lists, but the Batsford retrievers are far below the standard of the present-day show specimens. As workers I know the strain to be quite equal to that of Mr. S. E. Shirley's; and in company not quite so keen, Zephyr of Batsford would certainly be in the prize money. Greyhounds are practically a dead letter as a show variety, although I lately met with a sapling at Witham that, when he is benched, as is intended by his owner, will create a sensation. He is a courser into the bargain. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, as president, nobly supported the show. As a matter of fact he benched one of the strongest teams ever seen, but after the win of the Deakin Cup by his pointer, Devonshire Dan, the victory affording the Manchester baronet the greatest gratification was that of his wire-hair fox-terrier, Donington Flirt. This charming youngster, for which £150 was lately given, is one of the prettiest bitches of the day. Mr. George Raper again had a field day, and captured the president's £10 10s. commemorative medal with that grand terrier Claude Duval.

The approaching marriage of Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, eldest daughter of Mr. C. G. Brooke-Hunt, late R.N., of Gloucester, and Mr. Charles Bathurst, of Lydney Park, Forest of Dean, is creating the liveliest interest in West county circles. Miss Brooke-Hunt is one of the few ladies who have shown practical interest in the welfare of the working youth of the city in which she has for so long resided, by forming a Gordon League Recreation Club, and managing the whole of its affairs unaided. Not only was Miss Brooke-Hunt responsible for the arrangement of the cricket and football match lists, but through her kindly influence the best teams in the county—including Cheltenham and the Royal Agricultural Colleges—accepted the challenges of her club. Her influence over the rougher members of the team was remarkable, and it is not too much to say that many a labourer now doing well in Gloucester owes his position to the kindly services of Miss Brooke-Hunt. Her presence at the matches had a very salutary effect, as may be imagined, and any member guilty of unfair or rough play was severely reprimanded. During a

serious illness Miss Brooke-Hunt was wheeled about the city by a burly member of the county team, one of her "old boys," and it was, indeed, a touching sight to witness the tributes of affection paid her by members of the club. Mr. Charles Bathurst, an old student at the Royal Agricultural College, where he obtained the highest honours in practical agriculture, is also a football enthusiast. He has this season instituted a Challenge Cup Competition among the village clubs in his district.

The weather in the Riviera during the past week has been exceedingly pleasant, and yachtsmen have been very busy, but the absence of wind at times brought about several drifting matches. Ailsa and Britannia left Monaco in company early last week, Mr. Barclay Walker's cutter being bound for Nice, whilst the Britannia, with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on board, made for Cannes, where she lay to until the commencement of the Nice Regatta, it being decided not to race the vessel at Mentone. Consequently the match from that port to Nice on Saturday last resulted in a "walk over" for Ailsa.

The opening day of the Nice Regatta on Sunday was confined to the first heats of the Dal Pazzo Cup. The weather was bright, and only a faint breeze from the west prevailed; still some good racing was experienced. The match for three tonners ended in a win for M. Pourtales's *Lerina*. The first series for yachts over three and not exceeding twenty tons, saw Mr. Harrison Lambert's *Asphodel*, who has just returned from a cruise in the West Indies, competing. She sailed well, but on time allowance had to be content with second place from M. Bensa's *Mike II*. Colonel Paget's *Samphire* was quickest over the course, but with the time allowance was nearly fourteen minutes behind the winner. Lord Wolverton's *Serena* secured third place. In the second series Count Pourtales's *Lerina* finished first, 1 min. 10 sec. ahead of Colonel Paget's *Siris*.

Racing was continued on Monday, when the two big yachts entered the lists, but an unfortunate accident robbed the day of all its pleasure. The prize at stake was 5,000 francs and a gold medal presented by Mr. Whitaker Wright. The vessels both went about just before crossing the line, *Britannia* tacking round sharply just on gun fire. Both yachts were very close together as they reached the line, and narrowly escaped fouling. The skippers, however, handled their craft cleverly and Ailsa drew away. *Britannia* was still behind when, on reaching the mouth of the Var, the Royal yacht had the misfortune to run aground on the same spot as she touched two years ago. Her opponent hove to for some time, but eventually went on and finished the course alone. In the meantime, *Britannia*, who had the Prince of Wales on board, got off and was towed into harbour, having sustained little or no damage. The question whether the race should be resailed or not was left to the decision of the committee.

The yards at the various ports around these islands are presenting a busy appearance, and almost every day brings the intelligence of the completion of some new craft to compete this season, in addition to many luxurious steam yachts to grace the various meetings. Of the latter class is the *Princess Alice*, which has proceeded to Monte Carlo for the purpose of taking aboard her owner, the Prince of Monaco, for a cruise. I understand the Prince will shortly have a new 1,200-ton yacht to take her place, the vessel being on the gridiron of a Birkenhead firm. The Earl of Rosebery has become the owner of the steam yacht *Zinadia*, and the Norseman (325-ton brigantine) has also changed hands. Her new owner, Captain Richard Thorold, had decided to rechristen his purchase *Lady Godiva*.

Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild is an ardent sportsman, and, as commodore of the Temple Yacht Club, has given fresh evidence of his support by presenting to the club a handsome silver cup, to be competed for in the handicap match on July 10th. The London Sailing Club, too, is in the happy position of becoming the possessor of several new trophies to be sailed for this season. By the way, the club's new premises at Burnham are expected to be ready for the reception of members at Easter. Mr. T. Harrison Lambert, the owner of the schooner *Ursula*, and the eight-tonner, *Asphodel*, who has been figuring in the Riviera of late, has added to his fleet by purchasing the *Fern*, who carried off her first race under a new flag at Monaco.

The yachting clubs in "the land of the Shamrock" are getting busy, and everything augurs well for a successful season. H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has been elected commodore of the Royal Alfred Yacht Club, and a suggestion made at the annual meeting to introduce a new one-type of boat, after the design of the new Belfast No. 1 class, is likely to take effect next season. The Belfast Lough yachtsmen have been partially successful in a similar endeavour, and a number of boats, all on the same lines—about 35 raters—are to be ready on May 1st.

In making last comments on the practice at Putney, regret must again be expressed at the very slight chance possessed by Cambridge. Unless Oxford meet with extraordinarily bad luck the Light Blues will be well beaten. When I wrote on this subject a fortnight ago I mentioned that physically the latter were nearly fit. They did some hard work the following week, which enabled Muttelbury to eradicate certain faults of style; but last Saturday, in a racing-pace spin from half-way down Chiswick Eyot to Putney Bridge—a distance of about two miles and a quarter—on the ebb tide, and with a favouring westerly wind, the time was poor, and at the finish they were more ragged and uneven than they had ever been since they have been seen on the Thames. The assistance of two scratch eights from the Leander and Thames Clubs had been obtained to take them along. The latter held them for a long time, while the former beat them fairly and squarely in a dust-up from the Thames Boathouse to Putney Bridge. The crew were fairly rowed out,

with the exception of Fernie. They are undoubtedly stale. This is the fruits of having men thoroughly trained so long before the day of the race. They were taken to Brighton for the Sunday, and may have somewhat recouped, but it is doubtful.

Oxford have been doing short, sharp work as a rule; but up to last Saturday, owing to strong contrary winds and the amount of land-water in the river, they had never rowed from Putney to Mortlake in one piece. An attempt was made one boisterous afternoon, with the result their racing craft was swamped with the water, and the row had to be stopped opposite the White Head, at Barnes, about half a mile from the finish. It was well they did not proceed further, as there was a "sea" raging from Mortlake Brewery to the Ship, which would probably have ended in the destruction of their new racing boat, and another could not have been built for them before the race.

HIPPIAS.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATIONS.

LADY ROSSMORE, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is a daughter of Mr. Richard Christopher Naylor, of Hooton Hall, Cheshire, and Kelmars Hall, Northampton, J.P. and D.L. for the counties of Cheshire, Northampton, and Denbigh, and who was High Sheriff for the first-named county—Cheshire—in 1856. He is an uncle of Sir Herbert Naylor Leyland. As Lady Rossmore has no brother, she and her sister are co-heirs of their father. Lady Rossmore, who has two sons and one daughter, never looks better than in the saddle—where she is very often seen, as she shares a keen taste for hunting with her husband.

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY, whose portrait will be found on page 351, is one of the most beautiful women in London Society. A daughter of Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay, C.B., and grand-daughter of the twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford, Miss Lindsay married the Marquis of Granby, then Lord Haddon, in 1882. The Marchioness has four children living, a son and three daughters. Among her many other accomplishments, Lady Granby is a very clever artist, and her sketches, which are much appreciated by her friends, have obtained considerable popularity among a still wider circle.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HENCEFORTH no private library worthy of consideration will be without "The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett," by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell (John Murray). From the day when the slight and almost girlish Pauline entered into residence at Balliol to that of his death in 1893, the late Master never ceased to exercise an influence on the thought of his generation such as few men have possessed. As a young man he lived in the friendship of Mark Pattison, Arthur Stanley, Stafford Northcote, R. W. Church, Frederick Temple, John Duke Coleridge, James Anthony Froude, Arthur Clough, and others of almost equal note. With them he passed through the trials and the quarrels which followed in the train of the Oxford Movement. With Temple, and Pattison, and Rowland Williams, he was assailed for the part which he took in contributing to that once famous but now commonplace volume of "Essays and Reviews," and with Rowland Williams, though, in a manner, less severe, he suffered persecution. As tutor of Balliol and, far too late, as Master, he raised the College to the first place in Oxford, and in the world. Statesmen, judges, scholars, authors, passed through his hands in rich and rapid succession, and upon each and all of them his great and acute mind exercised its influence so strongly that it left a permanent impression. The interests and the greatness of Balliol and of the University were the main objects of his life, and from the letters to past pupils and their friends, it is plain that he was resolved that the spirit of Balliol should be in them through life. For a man of his extraordinary ability and industry he left behind him but few literary monuments; those which he did leave were of the highest order of merit. But the best proof of his greatness is to be found in the men upon the characters of whom he worked with such definite and brilliant effect. He was, withal, a very strange man. Thoughtful in mind, quick to a marvel in conversation when he pleased, yet reticent on occasion to the verge of rudeness, lavish and unobtrusive in his private generosity, he possessed one characteristic which seems to us to have become ingrained upon the very walls of Balliol. It may be defined as a naïf consciousness of mental superiority, tolerable enough in a man of his intellectual calibre, but not always to be suffered with patience when transmitted to a pupil. It comes out best in a passage from his essay on "The Interpretation of Scripture," which has always seemed to us deliciously, but in his case quite justifiably, insolent. "If anyone who is about to become a clergyman feels, or thinks that he feels, that some of the preceding statements cast a shade of trouble on his future life, who, either from the influence of a stranger mind than his own, etc., etc." The italicised words, warrantable enough in Jowett, are the very keynote of the mental attitude of many "superior persons" from Balliol who have not a tenth of his claim to consciousness of superiority. It remains but to add that the biographers have done their work admirably.

There is nothing like quick transition. We cannot all of us appreciate a Jowett; but some of us who cannot may be ardent devotees of the contemplative man's recreation. Happy the man who, like Mr. Andrew Lang, is of catholic taste and appreciation. To him, and to many others less learned, the "Book of

the Dry Fly," by G. A. B. Dewar, with contributions by the Marquis of Granby and J. E. Booth (Lawrence and Batten), will be a source of unmixed delight. In style it is worthy to be described as a work of literature; by virtue of abundance of incident it grasps the attention; in its accurate knowledge of the art of dry fly fishing and of the habits of Izaak Walton's "great trout," it is a work of science, and the coloured illustrations of trout are exquisite. It goes without saying, however, that the author is unjust in his estimate of the wet fly fisherman. "It would, probably, not be too much to say that it is no more satisfaction to him to hook and land a selected feeding fish than to hook in a rough bit of water a fish of whose existence, till the tug on the line came, he was not aware." That word "probably" betrays the author. If he had known all about wet fly fishing he would not have used it. In truth, each kind of fishing calls for special skill of approach and its own skill of hand and eye, but the kinds of skill in each case are different; each also calls for its own kind of knowledge of the habits of fish, but the kinds of knowledge are different. Your monster trout of Test, or Itchen, or Lea is physically identical, save in size, with the fish that haunts the brawling streamlets of the north country and the mountainous west, but in habits and moral character the two families are quite distinct. Happy, again, is the man or woman—for ladies fish right well nowadays—who knows both kinds. But the man who knows but one has no warrant for despising the other, any more than the golfer is entitled to despise the cricketer. Besides, if we all had the same tastes we should crowd one another in a very uncomfortable way.

"The Master-Beggars," by L. Cope Cornford (J. M. Dent and Co.), is a pleasant surprise. Mr. Cornford, who is still young, has not quite got over the preliminary difficulties of the novelist's craft, and he sins in the matter of unduly prolix descriptions. But he tells his story dramatically. It is a tale of love and adventure in the days when Alva had the Low Countries with fire and sword, and, in the telling, it reminds the reader very strongly of the style of Mr. Stanley Weyman. In his delineation of strong masculine characters Mr. Cornford reaches his standard of excellence. The "Wild Cat," leader of the Master-Beggars, Philip d'Orchimont, formerly Hilarion the Monk, and the reckless soldier Thibault, are all as strong as may be. The fights with which the volume abounds are described in forcible and vivid language. But when it comes to a matter of the description of feminine character the author is vanquished. Mistress Jaqueline, the heroine of the romance, is not half so charming on paper as Mr. Cornford intended her to be. Still, this is a wholesome book, well worth reading, which marks a considerable advance on the part of a promising young author.

Mr. Frankfort Moore's "The Jessamy Bride" (Hutchinson) is in some measure disappointing. Yet it is an exceedingly clever and scholarly performance, and, as an artistic attempt to reproduce the society in which Johnson, Goldsmith, and Garrick moved, it is eminently successful. The reader's only complaint is that there is so much of the real Johnson in literature that it is legitimate to be weary of him. The account of Garrick's hoaxing of Johnson is given with great skill.

In "The Landlord of Lion's Head" (David Douglas) Mr. W. D. Howells has produced one of those studies of American life in which he is unrivalled. The weary farmer who meets the reader at the outset, the enterprising and industrious widow who turns the all but bankrupt farm into a flourishing hotel, her pride and touchy independence, the ne'er-do-well son whose residence at Harvard does him no good, the wandering artist who falls into love with the beautiful Lynthia—all these persons and things are painted with a master hand. All that is quaintest in American dialect is reproduced with faithful cleverness. Still, the book fails to rivet the attention or to interest thoroughly the English reader. That, perhaps, is not the fault of Mr. Howells, but rather of the reader, who cannot readily accustom himself to live in the purely Transatlantic atmosphere of the book.

Strong persuasion is being applied to induce Mr. Owen Seaman, whose satirical verse of recent years has had a tremendous vogue, to re-publish some of the efforts of earlier years. If it be correct, as stated by the *Daily Chronicle*, that the anonymous author of "Mistress Dorothy Marvin" was a boy of seventeen, rejoicing in the unromantic name of Snaith, then Messrs. Innes are indeed fortunate to have secured the infant prodigy's second volume, "Fierce Heart the Soldier," a romance of Scottish history in the days of Prince Charlie. It is good news that Messrs. Murray are about to issue a new and cheap and revised edition of Princess Christian's "Life and Letters of Princess Alice." The additions, which include the last letter written by the popular and lamented Princess, will be valuable. Careful readers will be glad to learn that Sir Archibald Geikie's work on the ancient volcanoes of this country will soon be issued. The subject does not sound alluring, but Sir Archibald adorns all that he writes, and his books rarely fail to become a favourite topic of conversation.

The following books may be ordered from the library:—

- "The Sikhs and the Sikh Wars." General Sir Charles Gough, V.C., G.C.B., and A. D. Innes, M.A. (Innes and Co.)
- "Lady Cycling." Miss F. J. Erskine. (Walter Scott.)
- "A Galahad of the Creeks, etc." S. L. Yeats. (Longmans.)
- "The Massarenes." Ouida. (Sampson Low.)
- "Spiritual and other Tales." Fiona Macleod. (Geddes.)



## THE FITZWILLIAM HOUNDS.



Photo. by Thomas Fall

A MEET AT MILTON.

Baker Street.

ONE of the famous old family packs of hounds which are at once an ornament to the country and an ever-present source of the best hound blood in the world, the Fitzwilliam takes honourable rank with the Badminton, the Brocklesby, and other packs which have been kept going with little or, in many cases, with no subscription for centuries. The pack which is now located at Milton is descended from Lord Foley's, which used to hunt in Oxfordshire, and which had the famous Will Deane as a huntsman. It is recorded that the fourth Earl Fitzwilliam, who bought the pack, bought them of a Mr. Childe, who was a great friend of Mr. Musters, and who was one of the first of the hard riding school, but it is without doubt that the pack was originally established by Lord Foley in Oxfordshire.

Lord Fitzwilliam bought them in 1769, and from that day they have continued in the Fitzwilliam family, and a member of the family was always master till Mr. Charles Fitzwilliam retired, after carrying the country on for a short time after the fatal accident which happened to Mr. George Fitzwilliam, who was, in

the opinion of George Carter, one of the finest judges of hounds in England, and as good a sportsman as ever rode over Northamptonshire, or, for the matter of that, over any other county. After Mr. Charles Fitzwilliam retired the Marquis of Huntley held office for a short time, to be succeeded by Mr. Tom Fitzwilliam, and when he gave up Mr. Henry Wickham took hold and hunted them a few seasons. When he retired Mr. J. Fielden was master for three seasons, and now Mr. G. W. Fitzwilliam, who owned the hounds during the masterships alluded to, but generously lent them to the country, is taking a more active part in the hunt, and, assisted by Mr. C. B. E. Wright, who for so many years hunted the Badsworth country, is showing the excellent sport for which the country has always been famous.

It has been truly said that to make a pack of foxhounds there must be few changes either in masters or huntsmen, and the Fitzwilliam have been privileged in this respect, for few packs have had huntsmen who have continued so long in office. Will Deane went to Milton with the pack in 1769, and after he had been many years in office he was succeeded by John Clark, who



Photo. by Thomas Fall,

AN AVERAGE FIELD.

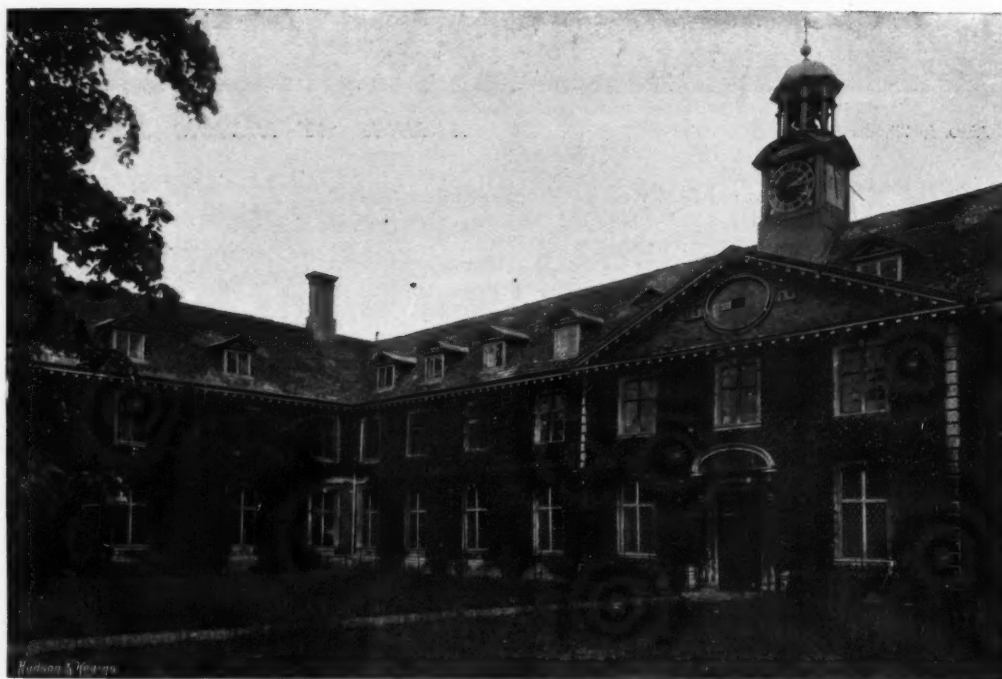
Baker Street.

filled various places in the Fitzwilliam establishment, in which he served for thirty-six years, having been whipper-in under Deane for several of them before he took the horn. Between them Deane and Clark carried the horn for fifty-two years, and then the famous Tom Sebright was engaged. Tom Sebright was the first huntsman from the Midlands that I ever saw or spoke to, and I shall never forget the awe with which he inspired me, nor the wonder with which I looked at his beautiful hounds, so different to those which were to be found in most provincial kennels nearly forty years ago.

Tom went to Mr. Osbaldestone from Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, who told the Squire when he sold him the draft, that he had better take the whipper-in too, as he killed all their horses. From Mr. Osbaldestone, whom he served as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, Sebright went to Milton, and perhaps never before nor since has there been a greater master of the art of breeding foxhounds, or of hunting them when they were bred. It is unfortunate, however, that he was so singularly reticent as to the lines on which he bred his hounds, and that he would never have a printed list till late in life. Had Sebright's lists been printed they would have furnished interesting reading. It is, however, known that he adopted a different policy to his predecessors, both of whom stuck closely to the home blood, going for an occasional cross to Mr. Foljambe. But Sebright went farther afield, and used the Badminton, Belvoir, Brocklesby, and Oakley kennels freely, as well as having recourse to Mr. Osbaldestone, Sir Richard Sutton, and Mr. Foljambe. Sebright died in 1861 and was succeeded by George Carter, who commenced his hunting career by whipping in to Mr. Selby Lowndes' Harriers at



MILTON HALL. NORTH FRONT.



THE STABLES.

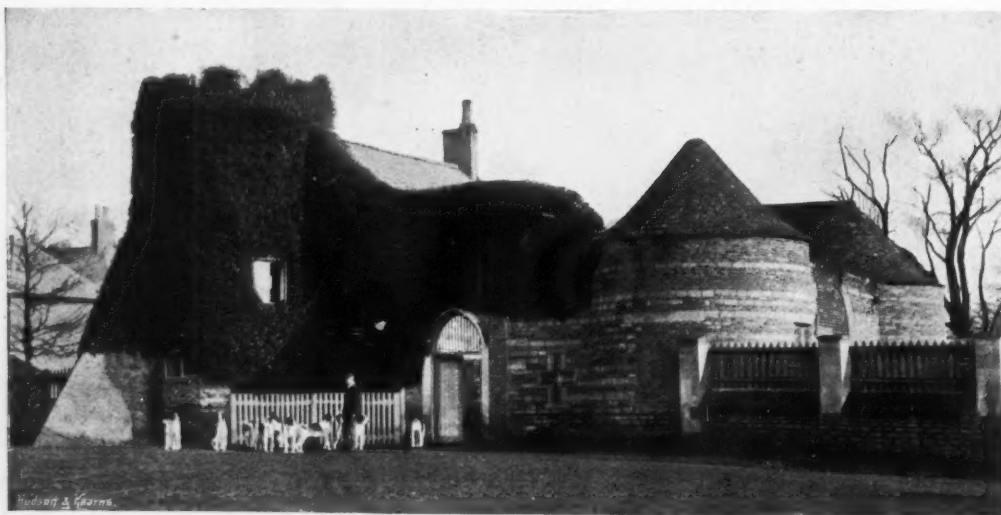


Photo. by Thomas Fall,

THE KENNELS.

Baker Street.

the early age of ten. Another year with Mr. Lowndes' foxhounds, and then Carter went to Milton, where he lived in the service of the Fitzwilliam family for forty-three years, sixteen as whipper-in under Sebright and twenty-seven as huntsman. When Carter retired he was succeeded by Fred Payne, who hunted the hounds till Mr. Fielden undertook to hunt four days a week himself.

When speaking of the Milton Hunt servants I should not omit to mention that one well-known and capable huntsman was taught his business in the Milton kennels. This is Charles Payne, the present huntsman of the Dumfriesshire. His father apprenticed him to a butcher, sorely against his mind, for he wanted to be to hounds, and eventually he got a little butcher's shop in a



Northamptonshire village, and was doing his best to get a trade together, and succeeding fairly well.

But one eventful Saturday, when his horse, that he used to ride for orders on and take the meat out on, was standing hitched to the hook at the door ready for a business jaunt, and as he was selling an old lady some beef-steaks, "he heard the music of the horn" and the Fitzwilliam pack in full cry. To throw down beef and knife and get on to his horse was the work of a minute, and the old lady was left wondering and indignant. Hounds had a long run—they had, I believe, done some distance before the butcher joined them—and eventually they killed their fox. Payne was always handy, and more than once turned hounds at a critical point. Mr. Fitzwilliam had his eye on him, and as their second whipper-in was *hors de combat*, he made enquiries as to who the lad in the butcher's blue frock was, and on Sunday he had a chance of the second whipper-in's

place, and on Monday he changed the butcher's frock for the scarlet. The Milton kennels took a high place during the early years of the Hound Shows, and to the first of these, which was held at Redcar in 1859, Tom Sebright took two couples, to one of which went the first prize for the best couple of entered hounds. This couple was Hardwick, by Lord Yarborough's Harbinger—Handmaid, and Friendly, by Feudal—Melody, a remarkably handsome and sorty couple, with substance and quality. Hardwick was indeed a rare worker and a famous stud hound, most of his stock turning out well.

In the following year, at Middlesborough, the Milton kennel was second in the class for unentered hounds with Herald, by Hardwick—Wanton, and Marplot, by Marplot—Bounty, to Lord Middleton's Warrener and Languish. In 1861, at Yarm, they were again second with Bachelor and Friendly in the class for entered hounds; Mr. Hill, of Thornton,

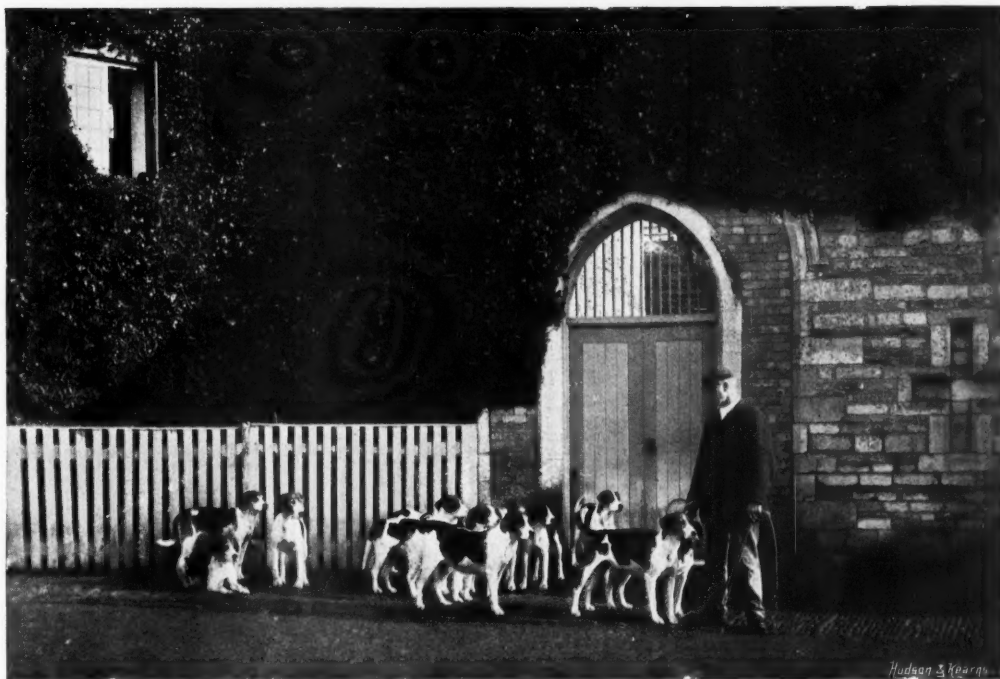


Photo. by Thomas Fall,

SOME OF THE HOUNDS.

Baker Street.

winning with a remarkably fine couple in Boniface and True-lass. There were no entries from Milton at any of the hound shows held in connection with the Yorkshire Agricultural Society till the last in 1877, when they made a strong show.

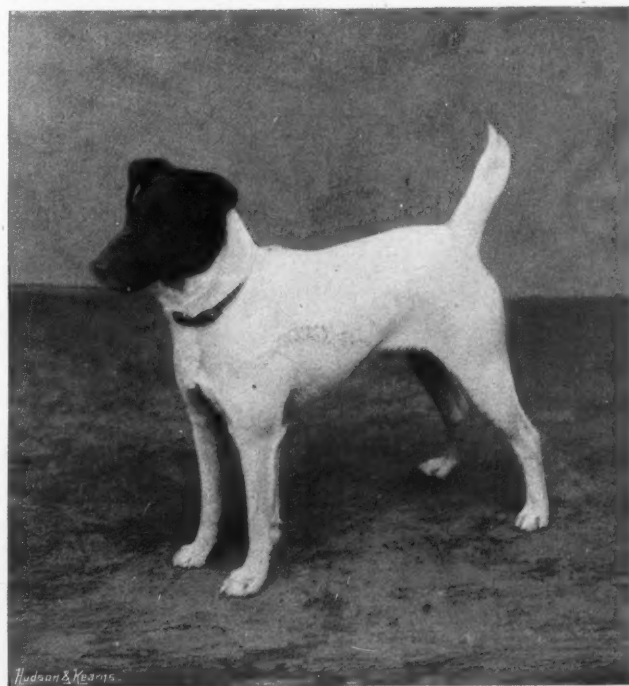
The Fitzwilliam country was at one time all grass, but much of it went under the plough when wheat-growing was a profitable industry. Lately, however, a great deal of land has been laid away, and consequently the country is much improved. It carries a good scent, and the foxes are wild and stout. The fields are never very large, so that there is always plenty of room, and taken on the whole the Fitzwilliam is one of the most sporting countries in the Midlands, and one, moreover, which it takes a good man and horse to cross when hounds run hard, for whether you be on plough or grass you have grazing fences to contend with, and they "grow them strong" in the Fitzwilliam country.

RED ROVER.

## DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS.

GENERAL satisfaction is expressed at the appointment of Sir Humphrey de Trafford on the committee of the Kennel Club. The Manchester baronet—perhaps not a very apt description, for he has sold his Lancashire seat—will be no mere ornament, for not only is he owner of one of the leading sporting kennels, but he is well up in dog-lore and the customs of the kennel world. These customs, disclosed now and then by the appearance of an offending exhibitor or breeder before the committee of the Kennel Club, are none too creditable, and in Sir Humphrey de Trafford members of the Fancy who are opposed to its abuses will find a staunch supporter. Sir Humphrey de Trafford has proved in many ways that his love for all live stock is thoroughly disinterested, and there are few canine societies in any part of the country but have had at one time or another substantial support from the new member of the Kennel Club committee. At present he is taking great personal interest in the preliminary arrangements in connection with the Royal Agricultural Show to be held in Trafford Park in June. Lady de Trafford takes an equal interest with her husband in both stable and kennel.

Capt. and Mrs. Barry have greatly interested themselves in the Kensington Canine Society, whose first all-day show has just been held. Dachshunds were, of course, made a feature of the little exhibition, and much interest was shown in the appearance of several from the kennel of the president. During the last few months the team that Capt. Barry was proud in claiming as home-bred, has been considerably weakened, no fewer than four really good hounds having died. A good judge of a horse, Capt. Barry is a regular visitor to all shows held in the South. During the summer months he and Mrs. Barry spend a good deal of their leisure touring the country in a caravan. At one time it was their custom to take a team of show dachshunds with them on these summer tours, working in one or two of the south country exhibitions. In this way both dogs and their owner



CLAUDE DUVAL.

were kept in perfect health, and the show condition of Capt. Barry's team was often the cause of surprise to those who did not know "how it was done."

The opinion of a veteran is always worthy of the utmost respect, although there is no gainsaying the fact that, occasionally, a mistake is made in asserting that things are not what they were. Joe Foreman, a man who for fifty years has had the handling of fox-terriers, has, however, expressed the opinion that his favourites have undoubtedly depreciated in more respects than one since he first started breeding. A common complaint is that show fox-terriers are no good in the field; the present-day cracks being more at home in the drawing-room than rabbiting or with the hunt runner. This is, however, an overdrawn opinion, for Mr. Vicary, one of the most successful terrier men of the day, regularly uses his dogs in the field. Himself an ardent follower of the chase, he would not give kennel room to a fox-terrier unable to hold his own at legitimate work.

The terrier champion, CLAUDE DUVAL, owned by Mr. George Raper, of Sheffield, has often been described as "too much of a gentleman," but in the neighbourhood of Wincobank a very different opinion is held of this charming son of Champion D'Orsay, the latter one of the gamest terriers ever bred. The illustration of Claude Duval is an excellent one, although his perfectly true front is hardly noticeable. When it is mentioned that his owner has refused £300 for him, some idea may be formed of his value. His black head and well-shaped body make him a conspicuous favourite wherever he is shown.

PRE-EMINENT, one of the handsomest of toy bull terriers, weighing a bare 9lb., was bred by Mrs. J. Duren. He is by Sambo from Miss Dodger, and therefore genuinely bred. This smart terrier was introduced to public notice by Mrs. Tom Jones, a name familiar to all exhibitors of this breed. Pre-eminent has recently become the property of Mr. Levenson, who intends, it is said, to keep a small kennel of toy bulls, but in carrying out his intention he may have some difficulty, as some of the few breeders in this variety have been reckless in mixing the toy varieties of white Smooth English with that of the white bull terrier, with the result that most of the chief characteristics of the bull are lost. In buying, unless you happen to be an expert in toy bull genealogy, you are apt to purchase a dog three parts white Smooth English.

For over a quarter of a century Miss Elizabeth Brown, of Bayswater Hill, has kept Japs, and many extraordinary specimens have passed through her hands during that time. Her first pair—indeed, perhaps the first pair that ever came to England—arrived in 1870, Chin Chin I. and his wife Wee-Woo; and none that this lady has possessed since have, in her opinion, surpassed the originals in tininess, in lustre of eye or silkiness of coat. Described in Japanese terms, they had "butterfly heads, sacred vulture-feathered feet, and chrysanthemum tails," and all these points their daughter, the Lady Dorothea, who, like her parents,

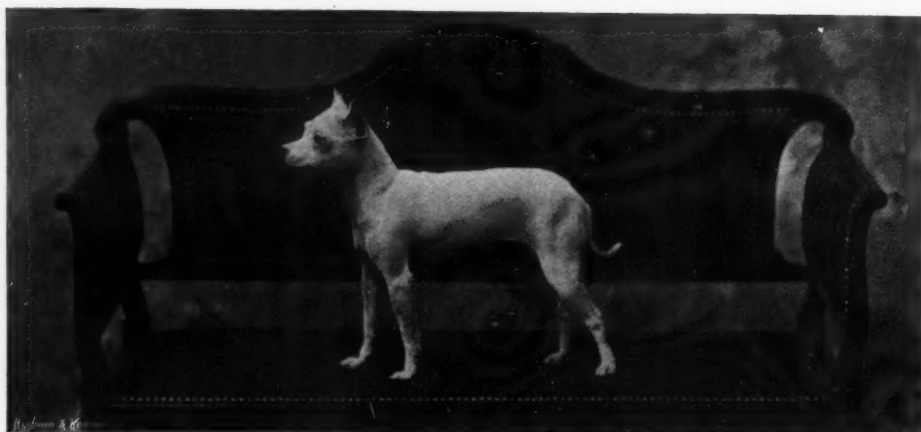


Photo. by Thomas Fall,

PRE-EMINENT.

Baker Street.

lived nearly nine years, inherited. To them succeeded Joko I., weighing about 3lb., all white save for one black ear. He was a sprightly little scamp, who could unpack his tiny lunch-basket, used to scream for his toys, for his mistress's watch, and for the Chelsea china shepherdess, and would chatter away like a little Marmoset monkey. Contemporaries of his were the quaint Chin Chin II., with an expression of bulldog ferocity, but all the same the silliest of spoilt pets, and the queer wrinkled Yum Yum and the mildly majestic and affectionate Yeddo II. All these are dead. A charming Joko II. succeeded them, a perfect Jap in coat, size, form, and his son Teso, exactly like him, is still living.

The reigning Belles are in the little basket. BEBE, two years old and weighing 2½lb., is plump and healthy, and CHOW CHOW of the same age and weight. They are very playful and romp and wrestle for hours with a tiny Chin Chin IV., a lovely little male. By the way, Miss Brown has at times had several of the Yeddo spaniels nearly all black, and distinguished from other Japs, by unusual intelligence, affection, and courage.

A group of Korthal Griffons were shown at Holland Park by Madame Leliman, and are the first ever seen in England. Of all the novelties benched at that show, few attracted so much notice as these shaggy, lavender-coated Dutch hounds. These dogs are between the sizes of an Airedale and an Irish terrier, with very much the same texture of coat, but in head have more of the expression of a Rough Basset, and they are also more cloddily built. The darker points give a very pleasing appearance to the face and show up in strong contrast the peculiar colouring of the coat, which resembles old Scotch fingering exactly. We shall give their portraits next week.

The following new rules against the trimming and faking of dogs for the show-ring, and which were passed last month at the Kennel Club, cannot fail to be interesting to our readers, and certainly mark a departure which will enable the gentleman to show his dog on more even terms than hitherto; as in some breeds, unless he stooped to "fake" or "trim" his dog, he had no possible chance of winning any prizes. The Kennel Club deserves the thanks of the whole of the dog-world.

A dog shall be disqualified from winning a prize or from receiving one if awarded at any show held under Kennel Club rules, save and except in such cases as are specified hereunder, under the head of "Exceptions," if it be proved to the committee of the show:—

1.—That any dye, colouring, whitening, or darkening matter has been used and remains on any part of the dog.

2.—That any preparation, chemical or otherwise, has been used, which remains on the coat during the time of exhibition, for the purpose of altering its texture.

3.—That any oil, greasy or sticky substance, water, or any other fluid has been used and remains in the coat during the time of exhibition.

4.—That any part of a dog's coat or hair has been cut, clipped, singed, or rasped down by any substance.

5.—That the new or fast coat has been removed, by pulling or plucking in any manner.

NOTE.—That coat may be brushed and combed, so that old or shedding coat and loose hairs may be removed.

6.—That any cutting, piercing,



JAPANESE SPANIELS.



breaking by force, or any kind of operation which destroys the tissues of the ear, or shortens the tail, has been practised, or alters the natural anatomy of the dog, except in cases of necessary operation duly certified to the satisfaction of the Kennel Club committee.

7.—That the lining membrane of the mouth has been cut or mutilated in any way.

#### EXCEPTIONS.

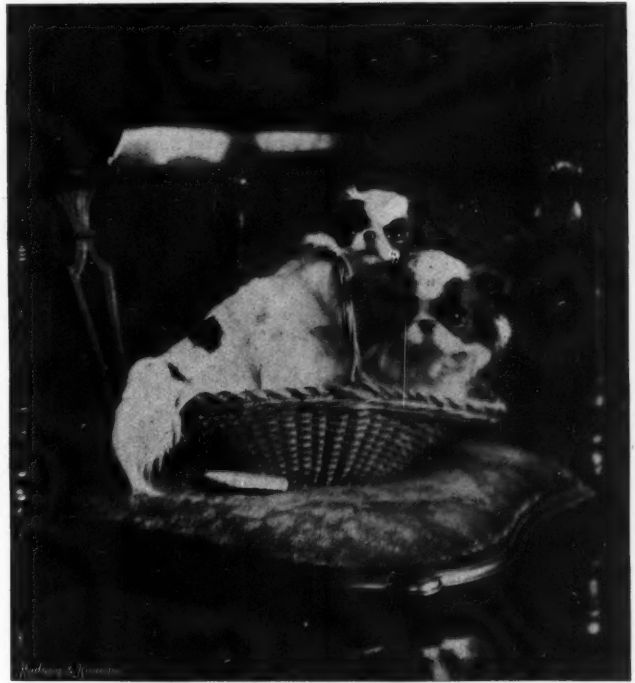
1.—Shortening of the tails of dogs of the following breeds will not render them liable to disqualification:—Spaniels (except Irish Water), Fox Terriers, Irish Terriers, Welsh Terriers, Old English Terriers, Airedales, Old English Sheepdogs, Poodles, Toy Spaniels (except Japanese), Yorkshire Terriers, Schipperkes, or such varieties of Foreign dogs as the committee may from time to time determine.

2.—Dogs of the following breed may have their coats clipped:—Poodles.

3.—The long, stiff, wiry hairs—known as whiskers—growing out at the sides of the lips, and those similar to them on the cheek spots, may be removed in Great Danes, Bull Terriers, White English Terriers, Black-and-Tan, and Toy Terriers; and dogs of the aforesaid breeds which have been cropped prior to March 31st, 1895, may have the hair removed from the inside of ears.

4.—Dewclaws may be removed in any breed.

There is no doubt that the foregoing regulations have not been propounded before they were wanted, for the system—variously designated alteration or improvement by its advocates and adherents, and mutilation and disfigurement by its opponents—which is generally known under the comprehensive term of “faking,” had reached such a pitch that it is only to be wondered at that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has not taken action in the matter more often than it has done.



BEBE AND CHOW CHOW.

## SWANS ON THE THAMES.

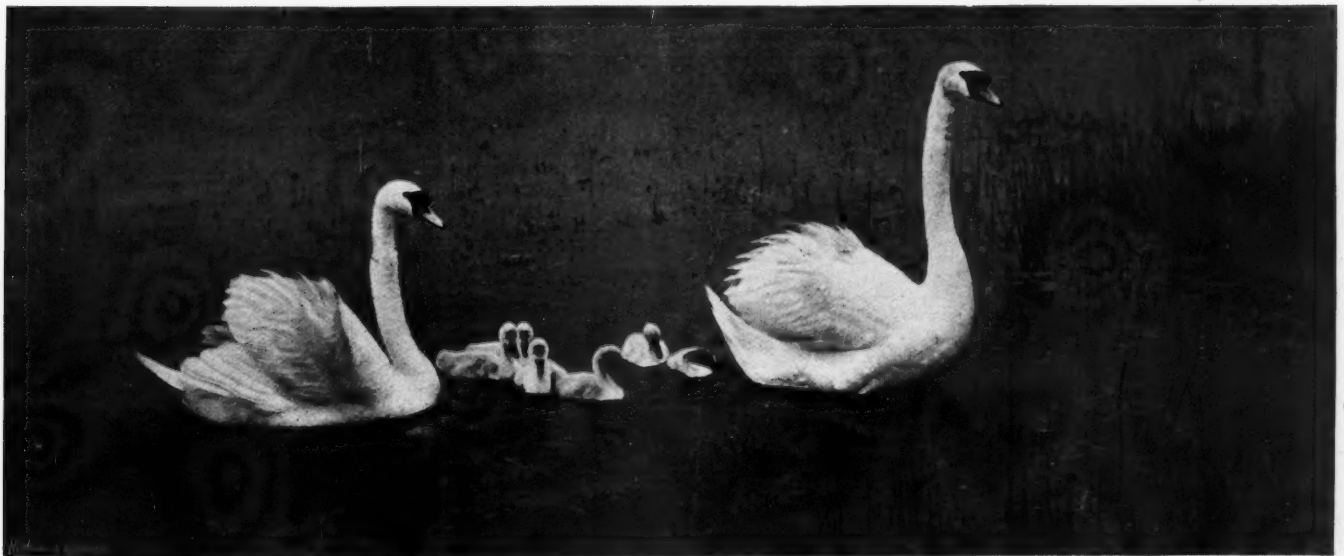


Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

TAKING CARE OF THE FAMILY.

Copyright

THE only members of the riverine population with whom the Varsity Boat Race is thoroughly unpopular are the swans of Corney Reach. The race takes place when swans are in the most irritable frame of mind—just as they are choosing their nesting place, and the Chiswick swans deserve especial consideration, for theirs is the nest nearest to London Town of all swans' nests on the river. Chiswick Eyot, on which they nest if not disturbed, and on which they managed last year to bring up a pair of cygnets in spite of an attack by up-river swans, in which the cock was nearly drowned, is then made a mooring ground for a dozen noisy steamers and tugs. All night long before the race the angry snorts of the swans may be heard, for the island has been disturbed by the Conservancy men putting up notices and laying down moorings. On the day of the race they often take wing as the crowd of shipping increases, and fly down stream, always returning with the flood tide. The race itself, with its attendant rush of tugs and steamers, completes their discomfort, and they hurry into the backwater between Chiswick Eyot and the land, and there wait till the shouting, bursting of balloons, hooting of steam whistles, and general disturbance are over till next year. If the race were in the nesting time they would certainly attack the boats. Their

courage in this respect, constantly quoted, is borne out by facts. Perhaps the most striking but least known case was that recorded by Mr. Tom Smith, master successively of the Hambledon and Craven hounds. Two foxes swam out to an island on a lake in Rockesbury Park, near Hambledon, on which there was a nest of young swans. There the old swans blockaded them, and when one of the foxes tried to swim back they attacked and drowned it, just as one of the men came to see what was disturbing them.

Even on such a river as the Thames, or the Norfolk Bure, swans are not so interesting to watch as in the few places where they are seen nesting in numbers together. This cannot be done in the breeding season on a river, because each pair insist on keeping a certain length of water to themselves. Almost the prettiest swan colony in the South is that on the reclaimed “Brading Haven,” near Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight. These 700 acres, which twenty years ago were sea-bottom, are now fast turning into fine pasture; but the whole is cut up by dykes and streams, and studded with pools haunted by wild-fowl, and full of prawns, shrimps, dabs, and crabs. Down the middle runs the main river, embanked and willow bordered. Outside the banks are “splashes”—shallow pools fringed with ten-foot

reeds. There are little winding rivers, formerly the deep channels when the tide went out, and half-a-dozen shallow salt pools, and a moat encircling a garden. On these pools, rivers, "splashes," and sands, the swans increase and multiply yearly.

They are constantly on the wing, travelling up and down the reclamation, or over the bank and away to sea. Last winter, as the writer was standing in a jungle of yellow reeds, like miniature bamboos, waiting for a shot at the wild duck, which were being flushed higher up the river, a pair of swans, after circling round for some minutes, came not six feet above his head, just clearing the reed tops. They flew so close to each other that their wings were almost touching, and each bird, as it came over, put its head on one side and looked on the intruder with one eye, without altering the rigidity of the outstretched neck, or the slightest quickening of the steady, sonorous beat of the wings.

In March and April the whole area of the reclamation is divided up by the swans into separate "tenements," each occupied by a pair. The main embanked channel is usually divided up into five "claims." The larger splashes have each a pair, so have the salt pools. One, with a small island in the centre, is owned by a very old pair, who last year hatched seven cygnets. Their nest is made of dry grass and samphire pulled up by the roots. But the *dozens* of the colony are a pair twenty years old, who have as their special reserve the garden moat mentioned above. They nest on the inner side, and it is quite dangerous to approach them. When the writer did so a loud cracking noise showed that the cock swan was rising from the water somewhere near. The sounds of the wing beats threshing the surface, as the bird half flew, half ran on the water, were like the blows of the floats of a big paddle steamer. In a minute he appeared, flying at a height of six feet, his neck stretched, his wings getting up the pace every second, like a mediæval dragon. What was more, he was coming straight for his visitor's head. The latter dodged behind some low willows, and the old swan instantly swerved, dropped on the water, scrambled out, and making for a gap in the willow fence, tried to storm the position on foot.

Here he was easily repulsed, and then retired to his mate, before whom he stood swelling with indignation, until the weight of his body tired his legs so that he sat down. Meantime the hen, confident in her husband's courage, serenely sat on, gathering constantly little bunches of grass with her beak and

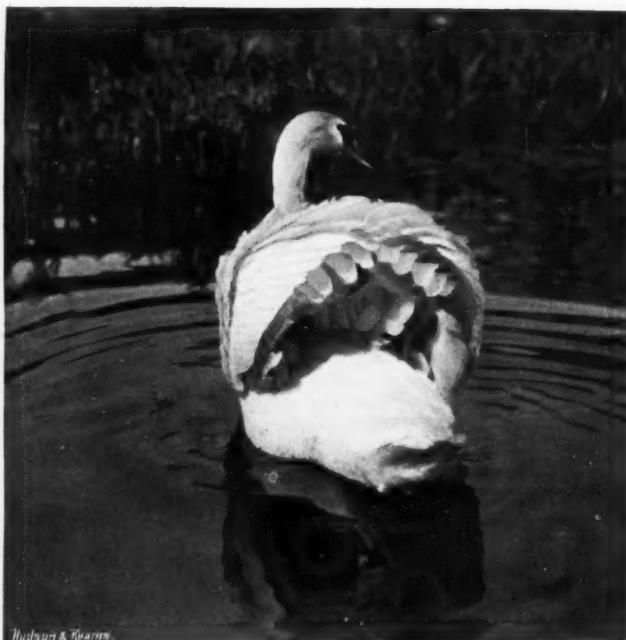


Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

RUFFLED.

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adding them to the nest. Then, as if struck by some solicitude, she rose; and turned her eggs with her bill, entirely and gracefully absorbed in her domestic affairs. Later, we saw her with a fleet of ten cygnets, some swimming beside her, others riding on her back. The little creatures are lifted on to this high and secure position, the old bird "crooking" her leg, putting the wide web of her foot beneath them, and raising them level with her tail, whence they scramble onwards and upwards to her shoulders.

C. J. CORNISH.



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

A GRACEFUL COUPLE.

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## COUNTRY HOMES: SWINFORD OLD MANOR.

THE home of the Poet Laureate, that "rather mournful-looking manor house" of late autumn days, as he describes it, brightened out of the chill winter to its fresher hues by the touch of spring, to glow later on in the generous lap of summer, lies in the midst of the "Garden that I Love," in the Kentish parish of Hothfield, within a short distance of Ashford, and in the richest part of the county. Swinford Old Manor, this chosen abode and poetic realm of Mr. Austin, is a place of which historians have few things to tell. They leave us to people the spreading gardens and old rooms with the imaginary

life of older days, and the Laureate himself has woven many a fancy for the making of a new history of the old manor and its fresh and radiant surroundings. In former times the swine were wont to cross the Stour hard by to seek beech and oak mast in the dense woodland of the Weald. Swineherds tended their grunting charges in the glades when Swinford took its name, and gave an appellation to a race of knights or squires who became extinct long ago. Hasted tells us, in his "Kent," that, in the days of Henry V., the place was in the possession of the Bridges, descended from one John-atte-Brigg—for the ford was a thing of





Granby Street.

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY AND CHILDREN.

Photo. by Thomson.

the past—which John was “one of those eminent persons whose effigies, kneeling and habited in armour, were painted in the window of Great Chart Church. With the Bridges Swinford remained until the latter end of the reign of James I., when it was sold to Sir Nicholas Tufton, afterwards created Earl of Thanet. The place soon changed hands again, for the second earl, finding other lands not far away more to his liking, made an exchange with Nicholas Toke, of Godington, a squire who traced his descent from Robert de Toke, who had fought on the side of Henry III., at the battle of Northampton, in 1264. In the family of Toke of Godington, Swinford seems to have remained for several generations, and the old manor house was a beautiful habitation in the reigns of Anne and the Georges.

Since those times it has been created afresh. It has been lifted into modern comfort and elegance without losing a whit of its old-world charm, and the lawns, alleys, and orchards have been transformed into the “Garden that I Love.” The recent history of the old manor house is, indeed, largely the history of a garden. Mr. Austin has described how he discovered his picturesque abode. A ready railway porter, he says, piloted him on his quest along a country road, through an old elm avenue, across a park stocked with magnificent timber of every known native variety—grand oaks, towering elms, soaring ash, spreading chestnut, and here and there a stately walnut, a place where the woodreve allowed neither trunk to be axed nor bough to be lipped. Then there burst upon him a goodly Jacobean mansion of red brick in the lower ground of the park, “looking as though it had been there from all time worth thinking of.” They passed on through a meadow and an apple orchard, which brought them to the house he sought, to Swinford Old Manor, which is here pictured as it stands to-day. “Even at that instant, and before I had looked on more than its gray stone frontage, almost smothered in creepers up to the very top of its rounded gables, I recognised the haven of my hopes, and the fulfilment of my most fastidious dreams. It was small; it was secluded; its position was, according to my taste, perfect; and it had the blended charm of simple harmonious form and venerable age.” Of garden there was little, but that was to come. “Veronica,” with sisterly sympathy, was equally charmed with the place, and when a would-be dweller there, who had forestalled the poet, had surrendered his bargain for a ten-pound note, Mr. Austin became the occupant of this charming house of Kent.

The house is a composite building. When he emerged into the kitchen-garden he found that the smaller rooms on that side were part of a real old manor house of the end of the fifteenth century, retaining its pristine character, and “looking at you,” he says, “with strong unaffected Tudor face.” His description of the house cannot be improved. “Clearly, the building



Photo. by Hugh Penfold,

## THE LIBRARY.

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consisted rather of two houses than of one, built ‘back to back,’ the gray stone tenement having been joined on to its older and humbler companion at a later date. Thus, what now was back had once been front, and what had originally been complete in itself had not only been added to, but subordinated to its younger companion.” It has since been enlarged by a single-storey addition, in which is the tasteful drawing-room of the house; sundry other alterations have been made, too, and above the front door, the climbing roses, which are a feature of the place, have been pushed aside to give place to a couple of lines from Virgil, wherein Evander welcomes Æneas, as the Trojan gains his first glimpse of primitive Rome, and the rude wattle-huts of the Palatine. These, however, as Lamia says in “Veronica’s Garden,” could have nothing in common with the fine-art wall-papers and choice adornments of the Laureate’s manor house.

The garden of Swinford Manor was to be created, and how delightfully it has been formed the pictures show.

“Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.”

“Veronica” reminded him; but in these shadowed alleys, blossoming orchards, and gay parterres, abounding in flowers—as Mr. Austin rightly says the true garden should, not in one nook or corner, but everywhere, from early spring to late autumn—there is nothing to remind us of the crowded haunts of men. For the making of this garden, axe, spade, saw, and pick were used remorselessly, and many a misplaced trunk and worn-out shrubbery was swept away, for the trees threatened the younger growths and the indispensable flower-beds, but an ample framework of bole, branch, and foliage was left at a suitable distance beyond. A triple row of fir-trees on the north gave place to an evergreen shrubbery. A fish-pond was done away with, since regretted for the water-lilies that might have gemmed its surface, and the iris that might have graced its bank. But Mr. Austin takes pride to himself in having included in his pleasure the ground of an old orchard and an immemorial oak, which now presides over the garden, “conferring on it a dignity and an aspect of ancientness it might otherwise have lacked.”

This account of the characteristics of Swinford Old Manor will show that it is fortunate in its possessor, who loves its gray stonework and old red brick, its trees, orchards, and flower gardens, as such places deserve to be loved. There are manor houses scattered through the length and breadth of the land as charming, it may be, as this, but awaiting, like sleeping beauties, the kiss that is to arouse them to fresh and unsuspected charm, the needed touch of the loving hand invested with creative skill.

JOHN LEYLAND.

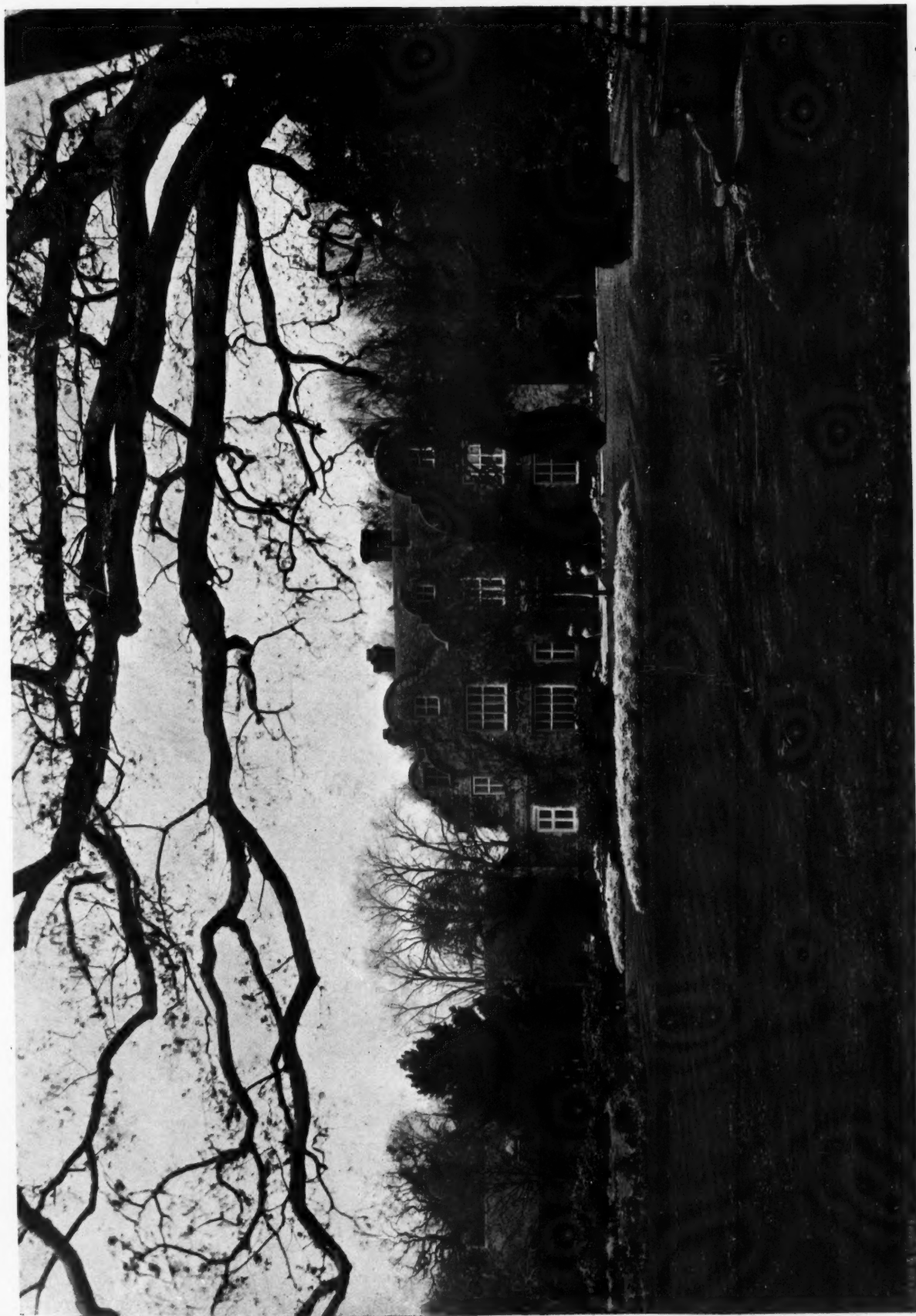


Photo. by Hugh Penfold,

## THE GARDEN.

Ashtford.





Ashore.

COUNTRY HOMES: SWINFORD OLD MANOR.

Photo. by Hugh Penfold.

## THE UNIVERSITY CREWS AT PUTNEY.

Cambridge were, as usual, the first to put in an appearance on the tideway this year, the Light Blue crew arriving at Putney on March 10th. Oxford followed a week later, and since that date the two crews have daily made their appearance before crowds of more or less critical spectators.

Mr. R. P. P. Rowe, ex-president of the O.U.B.C., has criticised the crews in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, and for the benefit of our readers abroad who take interest in this race—only equalled in intensity by that taken all over the world in the Derby—his remarks are here appended:—

“Of last year's Cambridge eight, which rowed such a close race with Oxford, four are again rowing in the present crew. Stroke and five retain their places; Pennington, who rowed three last year, takes Duncanson's place at six; and Bell, the president, who rowed seven last year, is now two. The chief new-comer is Dudley Ward, a freshman from Eton, who rows seven; while Taylor, last year's spare man, comes in at three. There is no doubt that these changes very much improve the appearance of things. What struck one at once last year was the ungainly swing of seven and six, whereas this year Dudley Ward and Pennington are the two neatest oars in the boat. Duncanson's strength will naturally be missed; but, on the other hand, Bieber, at five, shows considerable improvement. He



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

OXFORD LEAVING THE RAFT.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

A SHARP SPIN.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

works hard, and has learnt to make his work more effective. Fernie is, of course, a very useful stroke. He rows very hard, and can push his crew along at top pressure all the way, whether they like it or no. In fact, whether it is a fault of judgment or rowing, there is rather too much of this method in his stroking. In the race last year he seemed unable to make his crew lengthen out and steady down when they held the lead, and in a recent trial he kept forcing his men to a quicker stroke all the last half of the way, although the result was only that they got shorter and went slower. Dudley Ward, at seven, is a little disappointing, probably because too much was expected of him. He rows in smart style, and promises to be first class after another year's experience; but he is not yet at his best. He is noticeably short at the finish, both in body form and the work shown by his blade; he gets his hands away very sharply, but hurries forward after them; his time—the great thing in a seven—is fairly good. Pennington, at six, is rowing better than anyone in the crew. He rows in nice easy style, and his blade is better covered and doing steadier work than most of the others. Of the rest Bieber works hard but does not swing; Howell, at four, is at present rather a weak spot—he pulls hard, but fails to apply his strength; Taylor, at three, is strong but rows short; Bell is a useful two; and bow is moderate.

“Of last year's Oxford eight seven are included in the present crew. As the one alteration is by no means a change for the worse, they should, therefore, on paper form, be quite equal to last year's eight. But paper calculations in rowing are very little criterion as to what a crew will actually turn out. However, on their present rowing, they bid fair to be better than last year. They are not a neat lot, the work being still of a decidedly rough order, but there is unmistakable power about the rowing. Their chief merit is a fine swing and leg-drive. The blades, as a whole, are good, better covered than usual, and driven evenly through. The time is still faulty, and what class they will prove depends very much how they finish up their practice. At present they promise remarkably well, and if they can get together and smarten up they should turn out a fine crew. As far as work is concerned, they seem stronger than last year.



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THE OXFORD PRESIDENT.

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Balfour, at five, is a much-improved oar, and has learnt to make more use of his weight and strength; while Edwards, the new man, at two, rows hard, and is quite up to average 'Varsity form.

"The rowing of the two crews affords an interesting comparison. There is one point in which the Oxford men certainly show to advantage. They row their hardest from start to finish, whereas the Cambridge men commence in much gentler fashion and do not lay themselves out to work their best till later in the course. To spare oneself in practice and trust to being able to row at top pressure all the way on the day of the race is not a method likely to be effective over a four-mile course. If Cambridge were to race as they rowed recently over the full course, they would undoubtedly be several lengths behind at Hammersmith, and that, at any rate, is more than they can hope to give away. There is no doubt that to get in condition for the Putney to Mortlake race, a man must in practice learn to row his hardest over every yard of the distance. Rowing reporters are apt to give the public the impression that an oarsman is useless unless he arrives at the finish of a row as fresh as he was at the commencement. In point of fact, an oarsman is very little use until he has learnt to row himself fairly out by the end of the course. And in this matter the present Oxford crew excels. From stroke to bow there is no stint about the work, and the men get all that is possible out of themselves the whole way over.

"As to 'form,' Oxford row in smarter style, and are better together than they were; and Cambridge, though they still lurch badly at times, are steadier and show more uniformity. In the Oxford boat Gold and Crum are both rowing well, though the latter is still inclined to row light at the end of the stroke. Carr's form is not ornamental, but he is doing a power of work, and keeps his blade better covered at the finish than he used to do. The men behind all show a certain degree of improvement; but three is nearly always a shade late, and bow at times skies his feather, especially in the rowing. Three and six both feather too low. It is noticeable that the blades on the stroke side of the boat are kept better covered at the finish than those on bow side.

"In the Cambridge boat Dudley Ward shows some improvement, his finish is less hurried; but, though he lifts his body back smartly, he fails to drive soon enough with his legs at the beginning of the stroke. Of the other men, Pennington is rowing in good form, but is often late; and Taylor has improved considerably. Bell has a bad habit of continually looking at his blade, and, as a result, he fails to cover it, and is nearly always late. As a whole, the crew still fail to keep their blades



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

CAMBRIDGE EMBARKING.

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PUTTING OFF.

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in the water and drive out the finish." The prevailing impression is that the race which is to take place this afternoon will result in a fairly easy victory for the Dark Blues; but, of course, there is just the outside chance of something occurring to mar the present undeniable prospects of victory for Oxford between the time of writing and the decision of the race.

Cambridge are probably a better crew than usual; but the average merit of the oarsmen of the Cam is distinctly below that of those of the Isis, and this year Oxford are fully as much above their average as Cambridge are. That this is the generally accepted view, the preponderance of dark blue tinted rosettes and ribbons this year plainly shows. *Vox populi* unmistakably says that

#### OXFORD

will win.

The following are the weights and names of crews:—

#### CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
D. E. Campbell-Muir (Trinity Hall) (bow)	11	7
2. A. S. Bell (Trinity Hall)	12	2
3. E. J. D. Taylor (Caius)	12	13
4. B. H. Howell (Trinity Hall)	12	13
5. W. A. Bieber (Trinity Hall)	13	0
6. D. Pennington (Caius)	12	8
7. W. Dudley Ward (Third Trinity)	12	3
W. J. Fernie (Trinity Hall) (stroke)	12	0
E. C. Hawkins (Caius) (cox)	8	4

#### OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
J. J. de Knoop (New) (bow)	11	4
2. G. O. Edwards (New)	12	1
3. C. K. Philips (New)	11	12
4. C. D. Burnell (Magdalen)	13	13
5. E. R. Pailour (University)	13	6
6. R. Carr (Magdalen)	12	12
7. W. E. Crum (New)	12	1
H. Gold (Magdalen) (stroke)	11	10
H. R. Pechell (Brasenose) (cox)	8	5

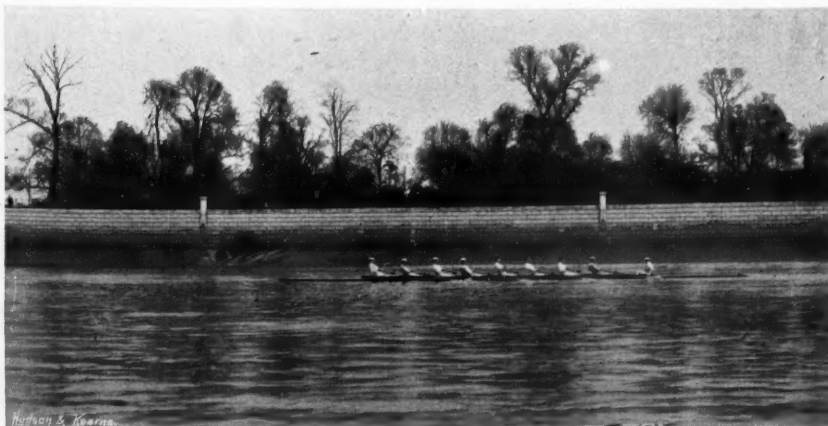
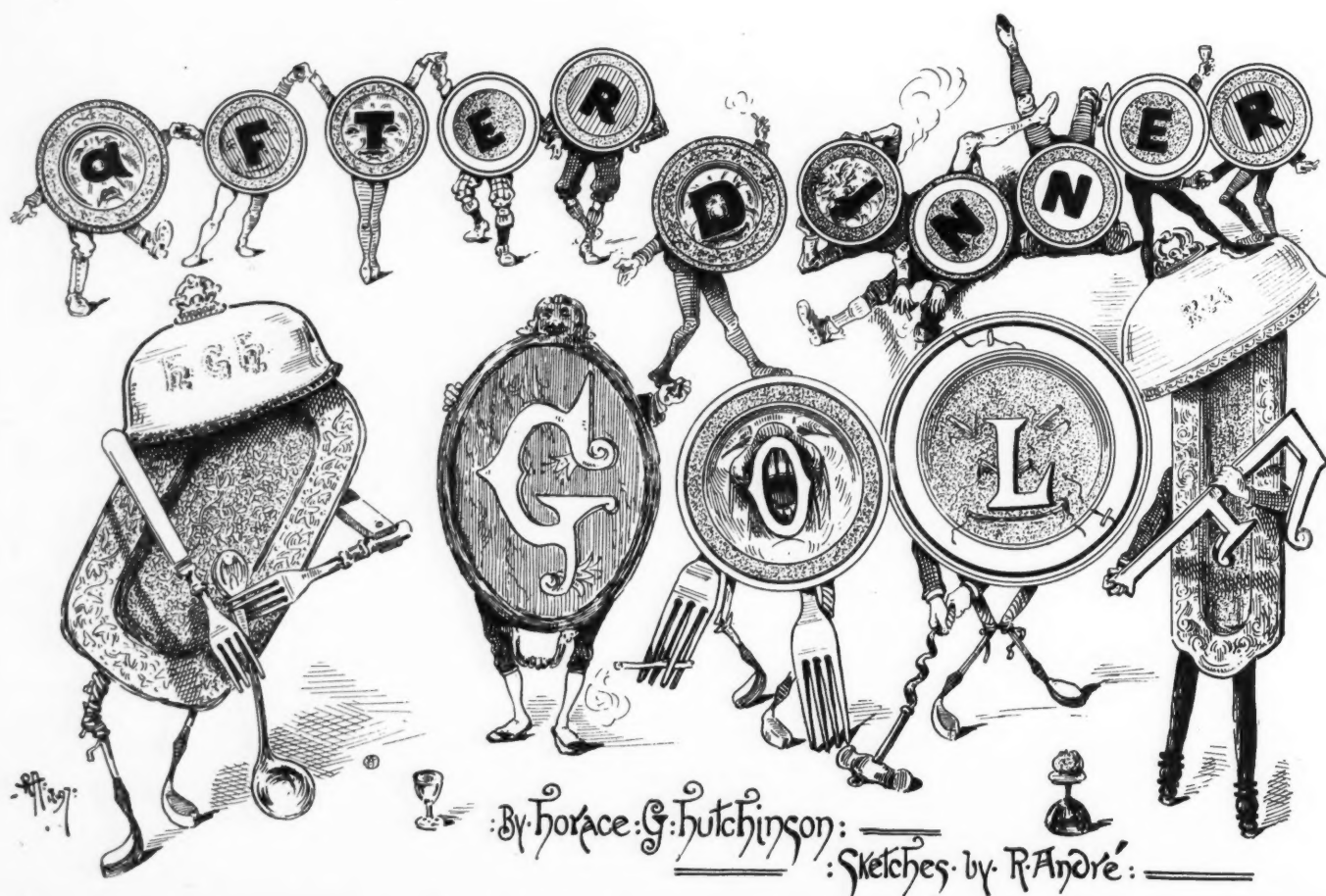


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ROWING THE COURSE.

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"THE Blackheath of old days used to be a much more golf-like place than it is to-day, as I understand," Mr. Flegg said. "Its soil used then to be of the nature of heath turf, which is close and springy." Also there used to be abundance of gorse (or whin, as it should be called when on a golf course). Now the whins have gone, and virtually the heath turf has gone too; at least, its springiness has gone; and we have, instead, the surface pounded hard."

"If it hadn't been for the Blackheath we should none of us have been here," the colonel growled. "At least, not as golfers; and the chances are that I, for one, should have died long before this of Indian liver, if I hadn't played golf."

The colonel was always indignant when he heard even the mildest criticism of any influences that had conduced to the spread of the golf he loved.

"You and I didn't learn much of our golf on Blackheath, uncle," said young Bob, by way of aggravating him.

"No, you young jackanapes," the colonel retorted, wrathfully. "But had it not been for the sacred spark of golf that Blackheath kept glimmering we should not have had our golf in the South till ages later."

"The next in historical order to the Blackheath Club was the Royal North Devon, at Westward Ho! was it not?" the professor asked.

"No, sir, no; the old Manchester Club is older; but perhaps that did not count. It is what you would call, in your scientific jargon, sporadic, and it had no results, no off-shoots. Now the links of Westward Ho! were peopled from the Blackheath Club. Blackheathens came down and taught those out-landers golf, for there wasn't a Scotchman or a golfer in that corner of the Island."

"I always thought it was General Moncrieff, of St. Andrews, who invented the Westward Ho! links."

"And did I ever say it wasn't?" the colonel fiercely demanded of his cheeky nephew. "Of course it was. But the Blackheathens came and played on the place, and were the missionaries of the golfing gospel in the West. There was dear old Mr. George Glennie, who won the gold medal three years in succession; poor old Mr. Peter Steel—ah dear! it's like recalling a lot of ghosts to think of those old days. Then there was Colonel Hutchinson, who came and settled there, mainly for golfing purposes, having learned the game as adjutant to the Militia in Fifehire. The excellence of the links attracted Sir Robert Hay and Colonel Kennard, both fine golfers, and also Sir Hope Grant. By that time the native talent was developing. First, there was Mr. George Gosset: he is a doctor now in New Zealand, where he has also been the champion amateur golfer more than once. He was a very fine player, especially deadly

at the short game. After him came up the generation of the younger Molesworths, of whom the best player was the youngest brother, Mr. Arthur Molesworth."

"We shall be bunkered at Westward Ho! all the evening, if uncle goes on jawing at this rate," Bob whispered wickedly to Miss Flegg. "What became of the vital spark of golf after Westward Ho! uncle?" he added aloud, as the colonel paused for breath and whisky-and-water.

"Hoylake, sir," said the colonel readily. "It was fanned into brighter life at Hoylake. The example at Westward Ho! incited the many Scotchmen resident at Liverpool to make use of the ground at Hoylake, which seemed Providentially made for golfing purposes by the estuaries of the Dee and Mersey. In the meantime the members of the London Scottish Volunteers had started golf on Wimbledon Common, but Westward Ho! and Hoylake were for awhile the only true links—in the sense of having the proper sandy soil—in England."

"And there it smouldered awhile," I said, "before bursting out into the conflagration that has over-run all the land. Have you any account to give, or any reason to assign, for its 'boom,' to use the Yankee phrase, in recent years?"

"Mr. Arthur Balfour played golf," the colonel answered concisely. "That was enough to make any right-minded Tory see there must be something in the game. Even before that, I admit, it was gradually gaining ground, but by creeps only; when it was said that Mr. Arthur Balfour was a golfer—and with many his golfing powers were exaggerated by the accident that his name was the same as that of a very frequent medal winner at St. Andrews, Mr. Leslie Balfour, who has since taken on the name of Melville—then the asses who had brayed their derision of golf the loudest began to think that it could not be altogether such a foolish game if it was the favourite amusement of the man whose composure even all the Irish members, under Mr. Parnell, mark you (the leadership made a mighty difference in their strength), could not ruffle. Golf was just on the 'go,' just coming into popularity, when Mr. Balfour came to the front as the Secretary for Ireland, taking office at a most critical time; and that coincidence gave it just the impetus it wanted, and it 'went' like fury."

"So that even the most ardent cricketer is repenting himself to-day of all the hard things he said of it," I ventured to add, "and is sorely regretting that he did not acquire the swing when his muscles were younger and more supple."

"But don't you get deluded," said the colonel, warningly, "into the folly of thinking that the two games won't go in double harness. Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, as he now is, was both a very fine golfer and a very fine cricketer, and similar cases are numerous. I don't like a fellow to be a jack of one game only, and



I have often urged young Bob here, the rascal, to play cricket all the summer-time, and golf (and football, too, if he likes breaking his bones) all the winter—that is to say," he added, pulling himself up, "provided he makes his lessons his first study, of course."

"Naturally, uncle, naturally," Bob assented, with the most entire verbal acquiescence.

"I have been glad," the colonel pursued, "to see some of the Surrey professional cricketers—Brockwell, I think, and Hayward—playing golf in the winter at Mitcham. All that practises keeping hand and eye working together must be useful to them in their profession."

"Now would you tell me, my dear sir," the professor asked, with his insatiable thirst for information, "would the fact that they play as professionals at cricket disqualify those men from competing as amateurs at golf?"

"That is a question that has been up before the committee of the Royal and Ancient Club lately. They were asked to adjudicate, with reference to the amateur championship, and their interpretation of the laws laid down for the championship was that professionalism in one sport did not bar a man from playing as an amateur in golf. That was only an interpretation, mind you—not an expression of opinion as to what they thought the right thing in the matter."

"Then it is your notion, I infer," the professor said, "that the Royal and Ancient Club would have decided otherwise had the point been referred to them independently of the conditions under which the amateur championship is played?"

"I did not say so. No; I have no means of knowing what view the committee would have taken of it independently. But this I do know, that certain members of the Royal Wimbledon Club, who were called on by Sir George Newnes to draw up a set of rules to govern the competition for a cup which he gave to be played for in foursomes, representing any clubs within fifteen miles' radius of Charing Cross—these Wimbledon men gave a

different definition of the golfing amateur from that which is given by the laws that govern the amateur championship. They define the amateur of golf as a man who does not practice any form of athletics for a livelihood. That is virtually their definition—I do not pretend to remember the exact terms—and it is in accordance with the definition of amateur given by the Athletic Association."

"What is meant by athletics?" Bob asked.

With excellent discretion every member of the company pretended not to have heard the question.

"Because," he continued, finding his conundrum unanswered—"because, about that caddie at St. Andrews, when we asked him whether he had any other profession than that of carrying clubs, we were told, 'Ou aye, he has that; he breaks stones.' Well, would you call that a form of athletics?"

"What the deuce does it matter?" the colonel asked. "He was a golf professional, any way, that fellow, because he was a caddie."

"Yes, but supposing he hadn't been?"

"What's the good of supposing," said the colonel, whose mind was concrete and practical. "A professional golfer should not have any other profession, anyway. I used to have a caddie once—he carried for me for a long time—who had been in the Army. Never have a caddie who has been in the Army—in a marching regiment at least."

"And why not, my dear sir?" said the professor, as the colonel paused to give someone an opportunity of asking him the question.

"Because he's sure to have been a rear-rank man—no front-rank man would ever come to be a golf caddie—he will walk close behind you, and whenever you stop without saying 'halt!' he will run into you, knock you down, and tumble over you."

(To be continued.)

## THE LATE MR. H. E. LINDE.

AFTER a long illness, Mr. Linde succumbed to Bright's disease on the morning of Thursday the 18th inst., to the widespread regret of not alone those who knew him personally, but to all who had cognisance of his many good qualities and sterling character. For some time the sad end had been anticipated, for it was apparent this time twelvemonths that he was rapidly failing, and the only wonder was that it did not come sooner. In him Irish racing has lost the most princely supporter it has ever possessed, and it seems quite idle to look for anyone capable of filling his place adequately. No such establishment as Eyrefield Lodge had previously existed in Ireland, and its reputation as a home of racehorses and chasers was well-nigh world-wide. But it is not alone in racing circles that Mr. Linde's portly form and genial presence will be missed. His death will create a great void in the social life of Kildare, where for a quarter of a century he was almost as great a landmark as the Curragh itself. His hospitality was profuse, and at the same time unostentatious, and the same applies to his charity, which was as boundless as it was unhampered by sectarian considerations. Indeed the poor of the district have been deprived in him of a staunch friend, for under a rough, brusque exterior beat as kind and good a heart as ever the breast of man sheltered. The great ambition of his life was to attain to a position enabling him to buy back the Eyrefield Lodge property, which change of circumstances had caused to pass out of the possession of his family. How well he succeeded is unnecessary to say, and while he was essentially what is known as a lucky man, a remarkable knowledge of horses and their requirements was the foundation of his good fortune. He bought well, and sold even better, and very seldom has it turned out that a horse with which he had a fair chance ever showed any improvement after leaving his care. They were always fit, and he had the gift of turning out perfect jumpers, but while steeplechasing was the *ultima Thule* to which he always looked forward with his horses, and the department of the game in which he gained the greatest fame, he was quite able to hold his own with the best in the art of preparing flat racers. It is singular that his death should have taken place almost on the eve



of the Grand National, a race in which he gained his greatest triumphs, and the coincidence is further strengthened from the fact that his demise came so soon after that of his old favourite, Empress, with whom he first attained classic chasing honours at Aintree.

Born at Eyrefield Lodge on Nov. 20th, 1835, Mr. Linde had not quite attained his sixty-second year when he died, and it may not be without interest to note that in 1760 his grandfather, Eyre Linde, built both Eyrefield House and Eyrefield Lodge. Neither was the Eyrefield Lodge nor the Eyrefield House of to-day, however, for in the perilous times of 1798 the rebels vented their wrath on the loyal Lindes, and razed both houses to the ground.

On the death of his father, in 1862, Mr. Linde took up his residence in the old home. It was not till he purchased that good mare Highland Mary for £25 that he obtained any important successes. Steered by Mr. T. Beasley, she won the Staghunters' Plate at Fairyhouse in 1873, and later on beat that good horse Sailor, belonging to the late Captain Gubbins, at Punchestown. The victory at Fairyhouse alluded to was the commencement of the connection between Mr. Linde and the Messrs. Beasley, and during the years over which this extended, the fortunes of the stable reached high water mark. Punchestown was a favourite battleground, and omitting 1882, in which the meeting was not held, Mr. Linde performed the extraordinary feat of winning the Prince of Wales's Plate eight times in nine years. Christmas Gift, Seaman, Cork, and Small Talk all won the Conyngham Cup; Pet Fox, the Irish Derby; and Grecian Bend, Jack, Primrose League, Chatterbox, and The Jew the Irish Derby.

Mr. Linde won the Grand National with Empress and Woodbrook in 1880 and 1881, and was third with Martha in 1879 and second with Cyrus in 1882, the latter losing by but a short head, so that the Irish owner-trainer was very near winning in three successive years. For years he supplied the favourite for the National, and never did one of his horses finish

without having beaten a great many more than had beaten him; and many were the opportunities afforded Mr. T. Beasley to display his undoubted skill as a horseman on the backs of the Eyrefield horses. In the Sefton Steeplechase, at the back end of 1879, Mr. Linde scored with Woodbrook, who won easily by four lengths; but an objection having been lodged against him for insufficient description, the race was awarded to Lottery, who finished second. Again, however, he won it with Lord Chancellor, Zitella, St. George, and Chouffeur. The race for the Sefton in 1882 having been declared void, because of the only two horses which started going the wrong course, and Lord Chancellor being in 1884 the property of Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr. Linde had the remarkable record of having prepared all the winners of that race from 1881 to 1885 inclusive.

But Mr. Linde's experiences were not confined to the courses of Great Britain and Ireland. He held a remarkable record at the French meetings at Auteuil. In 1880 he ran second in the Great Hurdle Race with Turco, but fortune was more favourable in the following year, when Seaman won. Mohican represented the Curragh stable in 1882, only, however, to finish second; but Mr. Linde won the Grand Steeplechase with Whisper Low, Mohican being third. In 1883, the fourth year in succession of his going to Paris, he won the steeplechase with Too Good. Mr. T. Beasley was up on Whisper Low, while his brother, Mr. H. Beasley, rode all the others. Too Good was named by the Empress of Austria upon the occasion of her visiting Eyrefield and seeing the horse, who, though then only a two year old, went over the steeplechase course and never put a foot wrong. Her Imperial Majesty, who in those days went regularly to Ireland for the hunting, and, with poor Captain "Bay" Middleton for pilot, was always in the first flight, ever afterwards took a great interest in the running of the son of Uncas, and by her special instructions the intelligence of his triumph at Chantilly was wired to Vienna the minute the favourite passed the post.

## A MORNING ON LEWES DOWNS.

"WHEN the air is soft and balmy, and the gentle breezes blow," does not as a rule apply exactly to March weather; but every now and again it happens even in early March—and that, too, when it has come in like a lion—that a soft and almost summer day is experienced. Treacherous weather withal, though, for there is no guaranteeing that the next or even the very afternoon of the same day may not be the very antithesis of the genial weather experienced.

It promised to be just such a day as sets people talking, and coupling their observations as to "how hot it is!" with the customary comments on the general unhealthiness of the weather in general, whatever it may happen to be, when, at the early hour of six



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A STRING OF JUMPERS.

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A CHAMPION HURDLERACER.

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o'clock I turned out of my comfortable quarters at the White Hart, and made my way along Lewes High Street, bound for a stroll on the Downs, intent on securing photographic illustrations of some of the more notable equine frequenters of the great southern training grounds. Going along the road leading to the gallops on the hill, I overtook Downes's lot, A STRING OF JUMPERS, on their way to exercise, and after securing the picture which furnishes the reproduction of the first illustration of this article, I struck right across the Downs. Houndean Bottom, which I passed on my way, is a pronounced dip in the ground which affords



a sheltered spot much taken advantage of by careful trainers for walking their horses after gallops. Holding on my way I made straight for Windmill Hill, and near the mill itself I met some of Escott's first lot going home, led by A CHAMP ON HURDLERACER, Knight of Rhodes, looking big and well, and all over an equine gentleman. His likeness and those of his companions having been secured—to make my second illustration—I went on a little further, where I came across Sidney's horses walking ON THE RACECOURSE behind the stand. Old Instep, that little wonder, a most extraordinary weight carrier considering his inches, standing as he does barely 15-1, was walking at the head of the string, belying by his appearance the recent rumours of lameness that had been circulated concerning him after the International Hurdle Race at Gatwick. And here it may not be out of place to call attention to his especially fine performance in that race, in which he was terribly interfered with, and yet, with the top weight on his back, managed to finish a very respectable third to Hawkwood and Montauk.

Further down the hill I came upon some more of the same trainer's horses having a canter for the benefit of their owner, who, in the fourth illustration, CANTERING PAST THE OWNER, is shown watching his horses at exercise.

The view from Windmill Hill is especially lovely, as all visitors to Lewes racecourse can testify. It was a delightful morning, and what with the pleasant breeze and the warm sun it was not to be wondered at that "the buds were swelling into leaf and the birds bursting into song" at the near approach of spring.

In the far distance I could make out Parkes's at work on Hurdle Hill, so making my way across the racecourse, after a good deal of downhill descent and uphill climbing I came up with the string, A USEFUL LOT, that makes my fifth picture, and in which I.O.U., Ancajano, Merry Carlisle, and others are prominent. They were walking round after their gallops, preparatory to wending their way back to stables. Thus it was that, their work being completed, the word for home was given very shortly after my arrival, the sixth and last illustration showing the team ON THE WAY HOME to Cooksbridge.

The stroll back to Cooksbridge was very enjoyable, lightened as it was by the morally edifying conversation of the worthy trainer, who, I may observe, launched out as we went along into extensive and instructive dissertations on subjects other than horse-racing, but whose well-chosen words were none the less interesting and entertaining on that account. The view from the top of Plantation Hill, just before making the descent into Otham, is



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ON THE RACECOURSE.

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CANTERING PAST THE OWNER.

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A USEFUL LOT.

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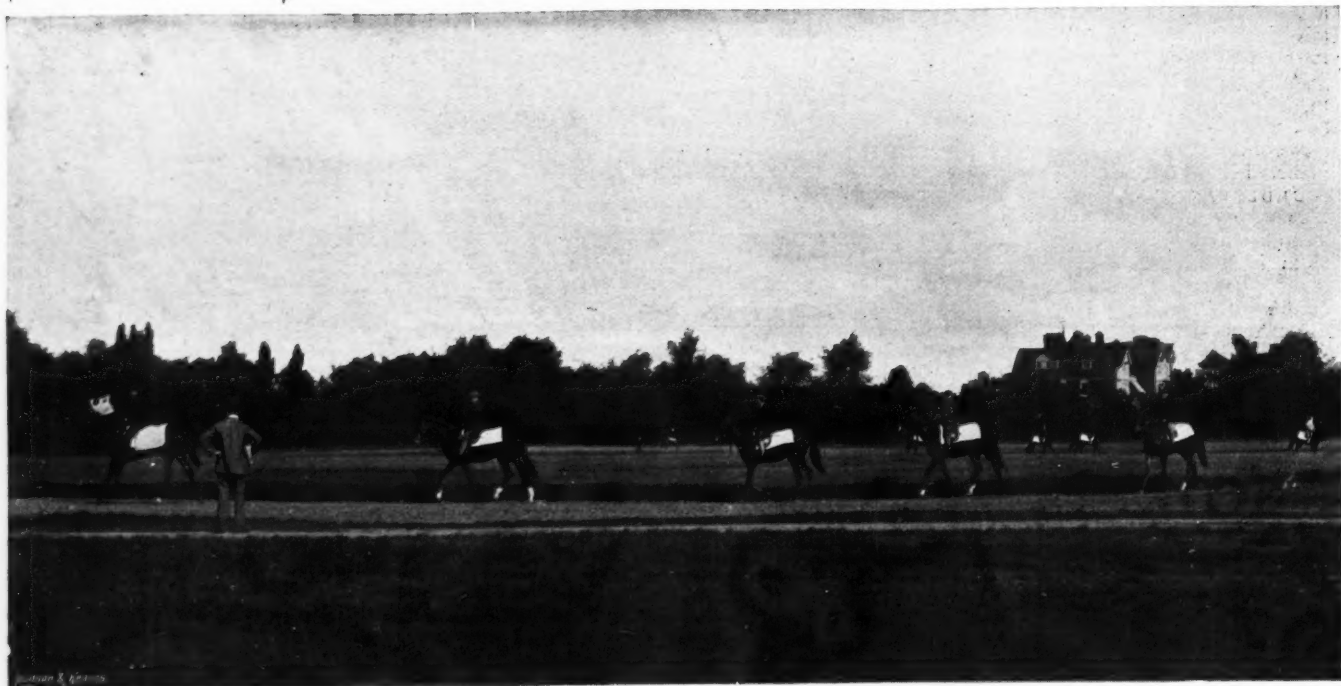
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ON THE WAY HOME.

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exquisite, and as my good friend had sent his pony-trap to meet me, the last couple of miles of the journey were accomplished at mine ease, a fact fully appreciated after a twelve-mile trudge with a camera.

W. A. R.



## NOT THE SAME MEDIUM.

"NICE sort of place this is, and no mistake," grumbled Steve Badger, as he stood on the steps of the Guy's Arms, and scornfully surveyed the principal street of Guyston. "No theatre, no music—all, no nothink. What the Hamlet is a fellow to do?"

In the exercise of his calling—he was a bookmaker—Badger had found himself in the little Midland town on a certain evening in March. There was an excellent steeplechase course in the neighbourhood, and the annual meeting was now in progress. Badger was not in a very good humour, for several warm favourites had romped home during the afternoon, and it increased his aggravation to find that there was not a single place of amusement in the town. He did not feel inclined for cards, and one glance into the billiard-room had been sufficient for him. Pool was going on, and two or three of the players were decidedly "hot." Like many others of the bookmaking fraternity, Steve didn't fancy any game at which he was likely to lose. So he stood in the doorway smoking a big cigar, and mentally anathematising Guyston and all belonging to it.

Presently the head waiter glided up to him, and said deferentially:

"I've just been reminded, sir, that there's a lecture on at the Corn Exchange."

"A lecture!" repeated Steve, with withering contempt. "Take me for a local preacher, or what?"

"Oh, no, sir; only gents as has been say it's very good. Hippentism they call it."

"Um!" Steve gave a dissatisfied grunt. "Where is this Corn Exchange?"

"Just down the street, sir, to the right. Couple o' hundred yards, that's all," and the waiter, having fulfilled his duty, slipped noiselessly away.

Badger easily discovered the Corn Exchange, the front of which was lit up by a flaring row of gas-jets, illumining a huge poster bearing in letters a yard long the inscription:

"PROFESSOR HARDNUTT!

The World-renowned Mesmerist and Hypnotiser!!!"

Badger paid the shilling which entitled him to a front seat, and entered the building. There was plenty of room in front, but the back benches and gallery were well filled.

The professor, a long-haired, lanky individual, in a well-worn dress suit, had just commenced his address. The opening portion, bristling with long words in various languages, was tedious, and Badger listened with obvious disgust, while audible yawns arose from behind. Presently, however, the lecturer observed:

"We will now proceed to illustrate our theories by practical example. I shall feel greatly obliged if two or three gentlemen will kindly step up to the platform."

There was a short pause, a good deal of whispering and tittering, and three men from various parts of the hall presented themselves. The candidates, looking very sheepish, sat upon a bench in a row, and the professor scrutinised them keenly, one after another. The examination was evidently unsatisfactory, for Hardnutt came forward again.

"I find," he said, "that none of these gentlemen are particularly susceptible to the hypnotic influence. I should like to discover something better among you," and he began a deliberate inspection of the faces before him. Soon his eyes rested upon a young man occupying a seat near Badger, and his gaze became fixed.

"Will you look at me, please?" for the victim resolutely kept his head turned away.

"Look at me!" said the professor again.

As if drawn by some unseen power the young man's head was turned slowly round till his eyes met the professor's, when they remained stationary.

Hardnutt beckoned to him. "Come up!"

The poor fellow clasped the back of the seat with both hands, resisting to the utmost extent of his powers.

"Come!" repeated the professor imperatively.

The hands reluctantly unclasped, and the subjugated medium, looking dazed and helpless, ascended the steps.

"By jingo!" exclaimed Badger, with a look of profound astonishment, "it's Beecher!"

The bookmaker's surprise will be better understood when it is mentioned that Beecher was the foremost steeplechase rider of the day, a man of iron nerve and indomitable resolution. And he had been practically dragged from his place by the mere will of the hypnotist. It was astounding—incomprehensible!

But what followed was still more marvellous. The professor did just as he liked with Beecher. He made him sing a comic song and dance a breakdown, both with a countenance of unmoved gravity. He gave him cold water, calling it brandy, and intoxication immediately ensued. The same liquid was made to do duty as a pick-me-up, which the medium swallowed, making wry faces at its bitterness. There was nothing, in fact, too ridiculous or absurd for the poor automaton, and the audience roared with laughter.

"It's like magic," was Badger's mental comment; "he can do as he pleases with him." And then a grand, a brilliant idea—a perfect inspiration—flashed upon him. Beecher was to ride Bay Monarch, the favourite in the big steeplechase, to-morrow—could the professor influence his riding in the race? If so, Steve had tumbled upon a little gold mine.

Simple-minded turfites devote all their energies to the discovery of possible winners, but the more prudent penciller needs only to be certain of a loser—in his own picturesque language, a "stiff 'un"—then he can make sure of a substantial win. In his mind's eye Badger had already "stiffened" Bay Monarch, and saw himself reaping a golden harvest from the numerous admirers of that gallant horse.

As soon as the performance was over he had a private conversation with Hardnutt in a little room behind the platform.

"Your power over that young man was something extraordinary," began Badger.

"Yes," the professor returned urbanely, "he is an excellent medium—one of the best I have ever met."

"What I should like to know," said the bookmaker, "is this:



If you told him to do something to-morrow afternoon, even supposing it was against his own interests, would he do it?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply. "He would do whatever I told him, no matter what the consequences might be."

"Very good!" returned Badger. "I think we can do a little bit of profitable business together."

There were eleven runners for the Guyston Steeplechase, but none of them were of the class of Bay Monarch. He was a perfect jumper, and his staying powers were amply demonstrated by the fact that he had finished third in the great cross-country event at Aintree the previous year. It only needed Beecher in the saddle to make the combination practically invincible, and the bay speedily became a warm favourite. The principal layers were soon tired out, and contented themselves with offering seven and eight to one, "bar one."

But, to the surprise of his brother pencilers, Badger continued to lay six to four against Bay Monarch right up to flag-fall. When betting had practically ceased, he roared in a voice audible all over the ring: "Here's three thousand to two thousand on the field! Who'll have it?"

A neatly-dressed little man who had been standing by, meditatively chewing a straw, said quietly: "Put it down to me, Badger," and the bet was booked.

"That's Beecher's commissioner," whispered an onlooker to a friend; "it looks like business."

In a four-mile steeplechase the field, as a rule, gets weeded pretty effectually before the finish, and it was a small and mostly well-beaten lot of five that approached the last fence.

Shouts of jubilation resounded. "The favourite! The favourite! He's got them all settled!"

"He aint won yet!" growled Badger, who was perched upon a high stool, intently watching the race.

"It's all over!" said someone, as the favourite, having taken the obstacle in his stride, began rapidly to draw away.

Then Badger seemed to lose his head. "Where's that blanky-blanked professor?" he yelled, and flinging his bag to the clerk, he ran all over the ring, literally foaming at the mouth. But Professor Hardnutt on witnessing the failure of his spell had performed the vanishing trick with the utmost celerity, and there was no lecture at the Corn Exchange that evening.

By the time Badger had realised that his search was fruitless,

Bay Monarch's number had been hoisted, and smiling backers began to gather round for their money.

Jack Beecher had an amusing experience to relate in the smoking room that evening, and among his auditors was Badger.

"I dare say some of you know that I have a younger brother, Tom," began the jockey: "he's as like me as two peas. Tom is greatly interested in mesmerism, and that kind of thing, and though he's always certain to make a fool of himself he can't keep away when there's anything of the sort going on. Last night he was at a lecture at the Corn Exchange here, given by a man named Hardnutt."

From time to time the speaker tried to catch Badger's eye, but the bookmaker, who seemed very uncomfortable, would not even glance in his direction.

"Well," continued Beecher, "the lecturer, as usual, made a perfect laughing-stock of poor Tom, and the silly lad told me all about it when he came home. He also mentioned seeing somebody there. Well, this morning I was just finishing breakfast, when a card was brought me, with the name, 'Professor Hardnutt,' on it, and underneath were pencilled the words: 'On urgent business.' I wondered what the deuce the fellow wanted of me, but I told the waiter to show him up. 'I wish to speak with you in private,' he said, with a face as long as my arm. So I told the waiter to clear out. As soon as the man had gone, the professor stood in front of me, and began to stare with all his eyes. Then he commenced to wave his hands about before my face, and I tumbled to the thing in a minute—he was taking me for Tom! 'All right, old chap,' I thought, 'go ahead! You won't mesmerise me in a hurry.' But I thought I might as well kid him a bit, having often seen my brother mesmerised, so I let him go on, and presently I was, to all appearance, in a profound trance.

"You ride Bay Monarch in the steeplechase to-day?" said Hardnutt.

"I do," replied I, in a faint voice.

"Then you must run out at the last fence—do you hear me?"

"I must run out at the last fence," I repeated.

"Yes, do not forget it."

"Then he made some more passes over me, and went away. I suppose some infernal thief of a bookmaker had bribed him"—another glance at Badger—"and if so, he must be pretty sick at the mess his confederate made of the job. You see, it was not the same medium."

C. DARCY FRIEL.

## THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

FOR some reason or other the principal race in the Lincoln programme this year received scant attention from owners on the day of entry, as compared with the other spring handicaps, and at one time failure was very freely predicted for the opening big handicap of the season. Fortunately, however, very few of the subscribers paid the minor forfeit, and for weeks past there has been every reason to anticipate a field quite up to the average. Nor could the quality of the competitors be taken exception to, as, although it had for a long time been determined not to run Victor Wild unless the course was good going, Clorane and Winkfield's Pride were good class

horses, who it was pretty well understood would compete if well on the day. Then, again, Bellevin, La Sagesse, Diakka, Yorker, and The Tup were not out of place in any handicap, and one and all of them had plenty of admirers. Not that the question of favouritism was ever in doubt after the strength of the Foxhill stable had been gauged; and although Winkfield's Pride was meeting several of his opponents of last October and November on distinctly disadvantageous terms as compared with the weights carried in the back end handicaps, he was the representative of a very shrewd division that has committed few mistakes. On Monday afternoon Winkfield's Pride hardened

very much in the market, and was well liked also on Tuesday morning, when M. Cannon took him in hand for the first time this season. The night having been dry, the going was much better than could have been expected, although still inclining to the soft side. The wind blew rather keenly round the street corners, so that the midday sun was very acceptable. Long before this hour special trains were arriving in quick succession, and whereas some of the visitors made the direct point to the Carholme, others hung about the narrow thoroughfares and crowded the streets, as is the invariable custom in the town on the day of a Lincolnshire Handicap. A mysterious kind of whisper was circulated in the town during the morning to the effect that something was amiss with The Tup. This was corroborated when the early visitors reached the course, and strengthened by the fact of the bookmakers



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THE NEW STAND.

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lengthening the odds that had been quoted overnight against the horse. Later on it transpired that at exercise during the morning The Tup had hit himself on the inside of his off hind leg, and was suffering from lameness, and the services of Mr. Henry Howse, the Lincoln veterinary surgeon, having been called in, he advised Mr. Hobson not to run the horse. So, to the mortification of his owner and friends, the pen was reluctantly put through the horse's name at twenty-five minutes past one. With a desire to give an extended interval before and after the big race, the management had curtailed the card to six events. The first race was the Hainton Stakes, for which ten runners came to the post. Of these Marius II., who had shown some good form last year, and who had recently acquitted himself well in a trial, was made favourite, with Queen of the Plains and Dolls next in demand. When the nearest attendants of Queen of the Plains took a wide sweep in entering the straight, they left her with a clear lead; but shortly afterwards she suddenly collapsed, and failed to finish in the first three. In a close race home, Dolls, who won the Selling Nursery Handicap at the Autumn Meeting here last year, won by a head from the favourite. The competitors for the Brocklesby Trial Stakes were one short of a score. The race was, therefore, regarded as a very open affair, 100 to 14 being betted on the field up to the fall of the flag. Red Nob, who had been the trial horse of Elsey's stable, and who was reported to be wonderfully well, settled down with just the call of Festa and Westralian. When the flag fell the favourite got off badly and never threatened danger, and at the distance Pickled Berry looked like crediting Mr. Vyner with the race. He was, however, soon afterwards challenged by Sardine, who won by a head, whilst the same distance separated Pickled Berry from Festa, who finished third. Sardine had been second to Dolls in the Selling Nursery Handicap at the Autumn Meeting, and consequently it is fair to assume that, taking the line through Dolls, Red Nob would have made a big bid for victory had he only got well away. All was now prepared for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and the field reached the exact strength of last year, the starters numbering eighteen, despite the scratching of The Tup. It was in every respect a representative field, and a field that the promoters could be proud of; and a better

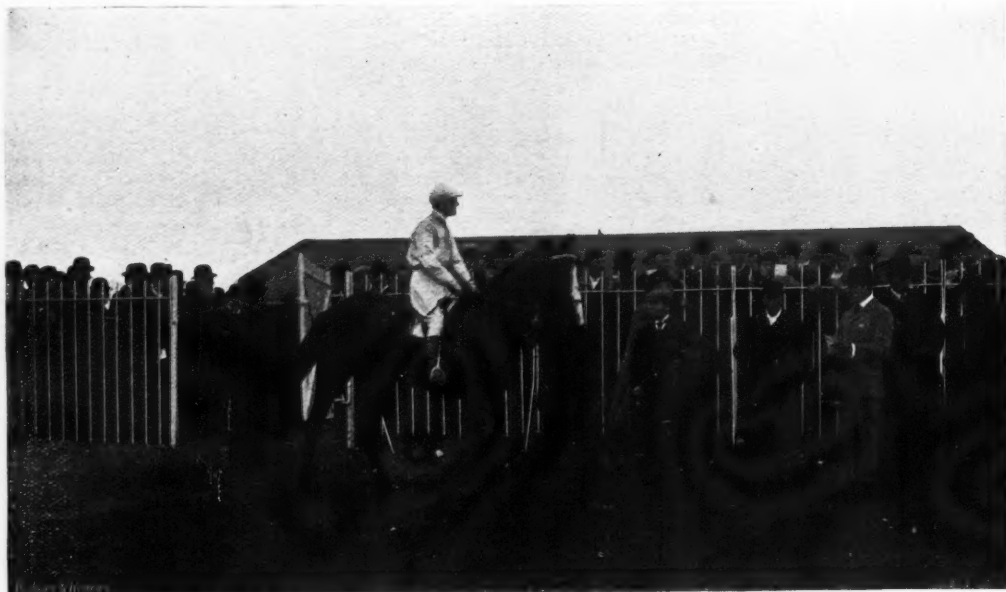


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WINKFIELD'S PRIDE COMING OUT

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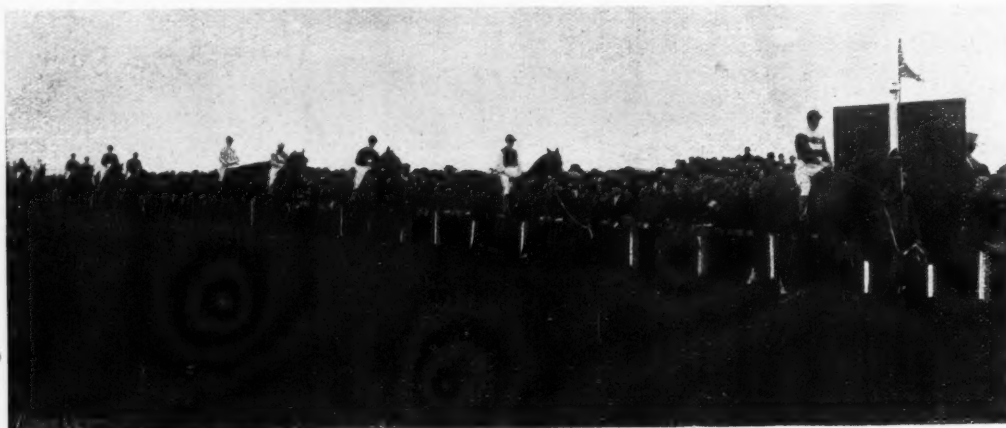


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THE PARADE.

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trained lot have seldom come to the post for this event. The lions of the party were distinctly Clorane and Winkfield's Pride, who both did the utmost credit to their trainer, Robinson; and if the four year old was preferred to the hero of last year, it was probably only due to the fact that Clorane met with a mishap some few weeks back. There were one or two dawdlers on the way to the post after the parade had been got through for the Lincolnshire Handicap; they were not much late in arrival at the starting-post. Mr. Coventry was able to send them away at the second attempt to a start that will compare favourably with any ever seen on the Carholme. It is unnecessary to detail the earlier incidents of the race, it being sufficient to mention that a quarter of a mile from home Funny Boat held a lead, of which it did not seem likely he would be deprived. The great danger presented itself at the distance in the shape of Bridegroom,

but in the last 150 yards Winkfield's Pride also appeared on the scene, and a very exciting finish ensued. Bridegroom met with some interference, but Winkfield's Pride would not be denied, and getting up in the last two strides, secured the verdict by a head, to the satisfaction of those opposite the winning-post, but to the surprise of those not so well placed. Snatched out of the fire, so to speak, as the race was, Mornington Cannon naturally came in for a big reception, while the owner and trainer were freely congratulated. It was, indeed, a highly popular victory, and, it may safely be predicted, not the last that the gallant horse will achieve. The excitement had not subsided when the



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WINKFIELD'S PRIDE GOING DOWN.

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numbers were hoisted for the succeeding race, the Sudbrooke Selling Plate, for which the eight entered overnight came to the post. Of these Buddler, a rather useful-looking son of Gold out of Bal Gal, was throughout in most demand, and, what is more, scored easily, and at the subsequent auction both the owner of the second and the fund materially benefited when Mr. Geo. MacLachlan purchased him for 240 guineas. A large field tried conclusions in the Maiden Stakes, for which Lady Wrangler, who was a regular street-corner tip, was throughout a strong favourite. She began badly, and though making up a lot of ground at the finish, could not retrieve all that she had lost at the start, and Rosemerryn, who started at 100 to 7, won by half a length from Bob White. The day's sport concluded with the Lincoln Stakes, and of the youngsters who took part in this, St. Ia, a nice-looking filly, by St. Serf out of Berengaria, the property of Sir Waldie Griffith, came from Newmarket with a big reputation, and was backed against the field. That good cause existed for the support accorded Robert Sherwood's representative was amply demonstrated by the style in which she won, Guisla, belonging to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, finishing second.

Winkfield's Pride, a son of Winkfield and Alimony, was bred in Ireland by his owner, Mr. J. C. Sullivan, and had a very successful season as a two year old, winning four of his six races. He ran unplaced for the Juvenile Plate, but won the Lee Plate at Cork Park.

He was afterwards beaten for a Nursery Plate at the Curragh, in June, but he wiped out his defeat on the following day, by howling over the odds of 10 to 1 betted on Bellevin for the Stewards' Plate, and he was next an easy winner of the Irish Breeders'

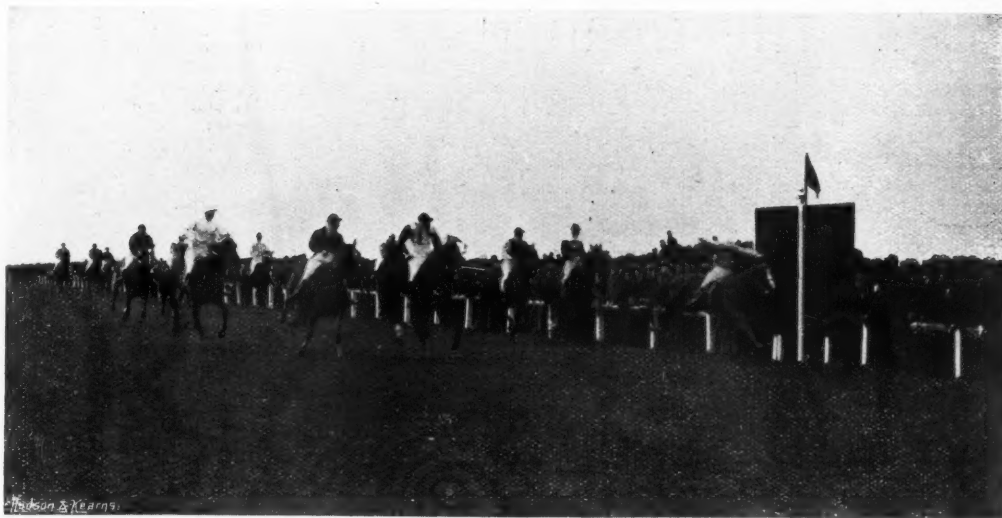


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THE FINISH.

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THE WINNER RETURNING.

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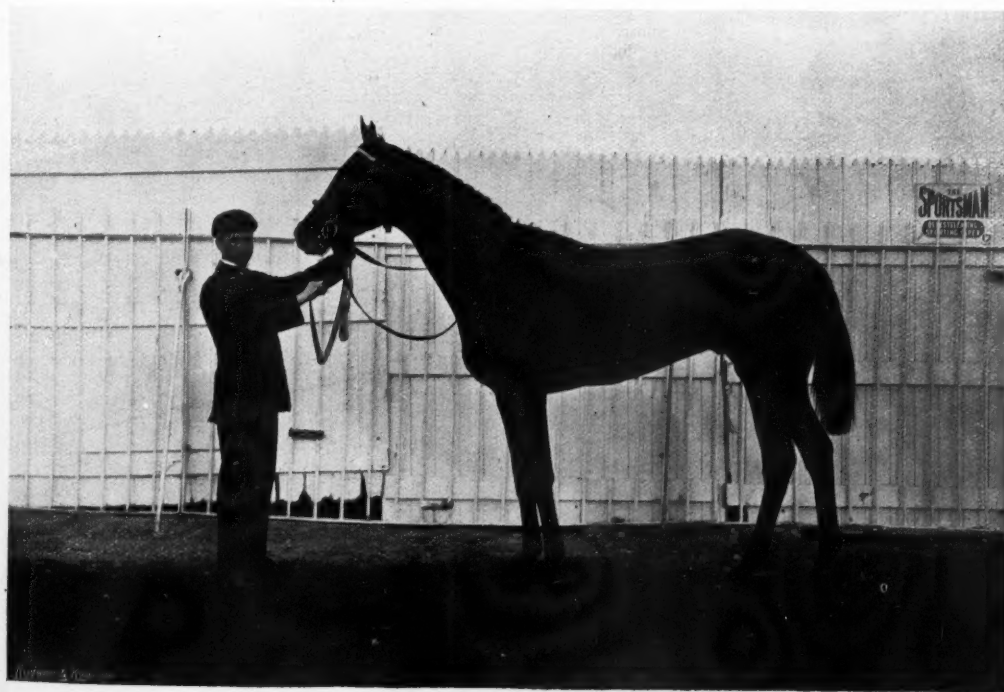


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WINKFIELD'S PRIDE.

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Plate over the same ground in July. He wound up the season by cleverly taking the Railway Stakes at the Curragh September Meeting. He reappeared last year at the Curragh in the April Stakes. In that race he failed to obtain a place, and he did no better when sent over to take part in the Salford Borough Handicap at Manchester in Whit-week, in which race he carried 7st. 12lb. The colt was afterwards sent into Robinson's stable at Foxhill to be trained, and from thence he went to compete for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. He failed to run into the first three, and was not seen in public again until he came out for the Cambridgeshire, in which—carrying 6st. 10lb.—he scored one of the easiest victories ever seen in connection with that important handicap from twenty-three opponents, of whom Yorker—3 yrs., 6st. 4lb.—and Laodamia—6 yrs., 8st. 9lb.—were respectively second and third. On the Friday of Houghton week he had odds of 2 to 1 betted on him for the Old Cambridgeshire Handicap, and cleverly landed them, being again followed home by Yorker. Afterwards, at Derby, he failed to carry 8st. 7lb. into the first three for the Derby Cup, while in the Manchester November Handicap he was beaten three lengths by Telescope.

## IN THE GARDEN.



IN THE GARDEN AT RISLEY.

THIS is a picture one can recall in many an old English garden. In the garden at Risley we can linger long by the time-worn gateway shown in the illustration, where hardy ferns and mantling ivy caress the battered walls and steps, suggesting to lovers of gardening the precious use to make of such things. We have seldom seen a richer fern growth, almost hiding the rugged flight of steps where, perhaps, Primrose and Wild Hyacinth add a touch of colour in springtime. Such sweet scenes as the fern-clothed steps and ivy-covered walls at Risley are not soon forgotten.

## PLANTING STARWORTS.

When cool autumn winds blow over the garden the Starworts are pouring forth their colour and spicy fragrance from a thousand flowers tossed about on long graceful stems. No family is hardier, or more beautiful in growth and variety of subtle colours; it is indifferent even to the early frosts that too often nip the tender bedders in the fulness of their glory. Another name for the Starworts is Michaelmas Daisies, but Starwort is descriptive—the flowers, like little stars, closely set on a wiry growth. Those blessed with large gardens should group them in a free and bold way. There need be no elaborate preparation of the soil, neither any miserable dot plan of putting the plants in beds. Where opportunities exist, plant the Starworts amongst Rhododendrons and other shrubs, over which they will fling in profusion their flower-stems to bring cool colouring into the garden in mellow autumn days. Autumn—September in particular—should be a season of flowers as much as spring, with its perhaps brighter, fresher, but not more enjoyable bloom.

The dwarf varieties, as the early-flowering *Aster Amellus* and *A. acris*, should not, of course, be placed amongst shrubs, but in a bold group by themselves. In a beautiful Sussex garden these two Starworts are planted near to a colony of Scotch fir. The colour picture is rich and unusual, a thousand flowers of many blue shades mantling the brown earth. This is the kind of effect to strive for in British gardens.

The two kinds mentioned must be grown, and such forms as *A. ericoides*, *A. horizontalis*, *A. lœvis*, *A. turbinellus*, *A. Novi-Belgi* (the New York Starwort), *A. Novæ-Angliæ* (the New England Starwort), *A. puniceus*, and many others, seedlings chiefly from the species that colour the North American wilds with a filmy veil of purple. No time is better for planting than the present. The plants are in growth, and quickly get established when lifted.

## THE SWEET-SCENTED TOBACCO.

Few plants introduced in the last few years have gained greater favour than this powerfully fragrant flower—the Sweet-scented Tobacco, and known as *Nicotiana affinis*. The seeds are very easily raised, and, if sown at once, the plants will be ready to put out into the summer garden early in June. It enjoys even a life near large towns, and should form a feature in all bold arrangements, as in association with Castor-oil plant and the Eucalyptus. The flowers are carried on rather graceful stems, and open their creamy petals in the evening, but close up under a hot sun.

## THE BEE BALM.

It is a delightful plant, perfectly hardy and splendid in colour, the whorls of deep red flowers continuing to appear for several weeks. The true way to get the full beauty of the plant, is to put its feet into water so to say, which is possible in many a nook, or if not exactly in water, in wet spongy soil. The growth will then reach a height of three feet. It must be remembered, however, that moisture like this is not essential. The Bee Balm is happy in an ordinary mixed border. *Monarda didyma* is the name under which it will be found in books.

## A FLOWER FOR A SHADY PLACE.

One rarely sees the Alkanet (*Anchusa italica*) in gardens, but it is a charming flower—rich blue, as deep as the Gentian or Gromwell. A colony of strong plants put in now will bloom through the summer, the tall strong stems bearing a succession of flowers, which if small individually are glorious in a mass. The Alkanet is one of the few flowers satisfactory in shade, and it is not averse to moisture. Many a cool, moist, and shady nook might be enriched with this Lorigwort.

## THE TIME OF DAFFODILS.

Daffodils are flowering strongly this year. Those who intend to plant at all largely next autumn should, if possible, visit some nursery or garden where a collection is grown. It is interesting and satisfactory, too, as their colours most cherished can be noted. There is a wide range of colour and form in this race, so hardy and free in all parts of England.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—With a view to assist our readers in gardening as much as possible, we shall be pleased to answer any questions addressed to us. A stamped envelope must be enclosed for reply.

## TOWN TOPICS.

THE visit of the Princess of Wales to Copenhagen was prompted partly by a desire to be with her parents during their suspense and anxiety about affairs in Greece, and partly for reasons connected with Princess Charles of Denmark. A large family gathering will be held at Sandringham late in April. The Duke and Duchess of York are already in residence at York Cottage, and will remain there until the expected domestic event has taken place. The Duke came to town for Tuesday's Levée, but returned again.

The death of Jane, Duchess of Marlborough, places a number of families in mourning for a few weeks. She was the third wife of the sixth Duke, and was, consequently, step-mother to the late Duke and the late Lord Randolph Churchill and their sisters, Lady Wimborne, Lady de Ramsey, Lady Tweedmouth, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Curzon, and Lady Sarah Wilson. The late Duchess was the youngest daughter of the Hon. Edward Richard Stewart, son of the fifth Earl of Galloway. Her only child was a son, Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill, whose wife was a Miss Warburton. The present Duke of Marlborough is step-grandson to the deceased lady.

The Ranelagh Club season begins on May Day, which falls on a Saturday this year. Two polo matches will be played, one between the Royal Horse Guards and Ranelagh, and the other between competitors over the age of thirty and those under. The first Ladies' Driving Competition of the season is fixed for May 22nd; and on the last Saturday in next month there will be a gymkhana.

Of all the schemes for commemorating the Queen's long reign, the Children's Tribute to the Fund on behalf of the Queen's Jubilee Institute for Nurses is one to which Her Majesty has extended her warmest sympathy, and to which the general public cannot fail to give their hearty approval. The idea, which originated with the "Children's Salon," is that children of all ages and all classes throughout the United Kingdom should be invited to collect towards the fund for enabling more of the Queen's nurses to go forth to nurse the sick poor in their own homes, and a series of lectures are being arranged for children in all parts of the country, that they may understand and appreciate the great work in which they are asked to take part. The first of these addresses was given by Mrs. Jack Johnson, on Monday last, at Grosvenor House, by the kind permission of the Duke of Westminster, who took the chair. The lecturer enumerated the many advantages which had been given to children by legislation during the present reign, and appealed very strongly to these young people to show their gratitude by contributing substantially to the Tribute Fund.

Last Sunday, being first Show Sunday, was necessarily a busy day for those lovers of art who were anxious not to miss seeing any good work which was on view. The Academicians and Associates whose pictures have a "right of way" into Burlington House do not open their studios to friends till later, so that there is additional interest attached to those which were on view last Sunday, in that it is uncertain whether or not they will be seen on the walls of the Academy. Without doubt pictures are shown to great advantage in studios, but even after making full allowance for this it is difficult to understand why some are rejected by the judges. It has become the fashion amongst a few artists not to have a Show Sunday of their own, but their pictures are seen at the large dealers' rooms, such as Messrs. Tooth or Agnew, and this year there are several who, owing to illness, or some such reason, have been obliged to close their studios. This very much reduced the number of "At Homes" given on Sunday; but amongst these, Mr. Alfred East's studio attracted a large number of visitors. The two landscapes, the "Silence of Morn" and the "Sleepy Somme," destined for the Academy, are both river scenes in Picardy, and present a strong contrast to one another. Mr. East is surely one who will not have to wait long for Academy honours. In Mr. Ernest Parton's picture, "In a Valley," the artist has also selected his subject from the northern district of France. "A Dream Princess," by Mrs. S. Forbes, shows a miller's boy fast asleep on the grass near to an old mill, while the princess seen in his dreams is leaning over him. "The Little Rivals," by Ernest Normand, represents the interior of an Eastern harem. Of the portraits, some of the most striking were:—"John Oliver Hobbes," by Herbert Schwalm; and "Col. Sir Charles Euan Smith, K.C.B.," by Lance Calkin (who, by the way, is to be congratulated on his new studio); "Dr. Wilkes" and "Mrs. Myles Kennedy," by Percy Bigland.

The new Ladies' Club, which is to be opened in commemoration of the 60th year of the Queen's reign, is to be called the "Empress Club," for which the committee have secured the premises which formerly were occupied by the Beaufort Club in Dover Street. The house belonged originally to the Earl of Mexborough, and the building lends itself especially for a purpose of this kind. In the music-room there is a beautiful old carved marble mantel-piece, which at one time was in the Earl's country house, and there are many other signs of its having belonged to an owner who appreciated the refinements of art. The whole house is being thoroughly overhauled and redecorated, and on the leads which open out of the dining-room a winter garden is being constructed. This, no doubt, will become a popular resort in the club, as it is the only place where gentlemen visitors will be allowed to smoke. The stable and cycling accommodation is very extensive, and far superior to what is provided at any of the other ladies' clubs.



# Notes from my Diary

by Marie Sans-Gêne.

**TUESDAY:** My foot is on my native heath, my name continues to be Sans-Gêne, and so does my nature. It is good to be in London again, not as a visitor, but as an established fact. I went to a very cheery little dance last night, the only drawback to my complete happiness being that there were so many other equally attractive girls in the room. With regret I observe that the good-looking woman is cheap to-day—there are many of us about! One girl last night had the audacity and grace to wear, in its pristine simplicity, a gown which had belonged to her great-great-grandmother. The material was exquisite—a white satin ground, with bouquets of flowers hand embroidered on it from top to toe. The short-waisted cut, the little puffed sleeves and the narrow sash were alike delightful, but I am Philistine enough to have regretted that the owner had not gored the front of her skirt to set properly. In olden days they did not know how to cut skirts—to-day we cut them according to the figure, then they cut them according to their cloth, in order to justify one of their silly old proverbs which are believed in for no more logical reason than their antiquity. A daughter of my hostess wore a most charming dress of tulle flounced from waist to hem, trimmed with narrow baby ribbons, the short sleeves setting in little kilted frills. She had somewhat the appearance of a fairy off a twelfth cake, but was, notwithstanding, most fascinating. The best dress in the room had a skirt of pale pink with three ruches of tulle, trimming it up to the knees, and a bodice of white lace covered with a sort of jacket which overhung the belt made of thick lace studded with emeralds. Fine lace formed the front and the sleeves to this costume, which was quite irreproachable. There was a beautiful girl with bright blue eyes, dark hair, and very fair skin in a black dress with a bunch of red roses at one side, and a damsel of some seventeen summers plaintively apologised to all her partners for not being out yet. I had an excellent supper in company with an eminent vocalist who has just deserted the concert for the comic opera stage, and I arrived home at half-past three in the morning, to find tickets for the first night of St. James's Theatre smiling at me from my dressing-table.

**WEDNESDAY:** I skated. It was quite ridiculous of me, I confess, but my sister-in-law insisted, and I yielded. I went



A CEDAR BROWN CLOTH DRESS, BRAIDED TO MATCH



SPRING MILLINERY

with her to Princes' to skate when the sun is shining and spring is in the air, we should go and shut ourselves up within four walls under the shadow of a winter which we are yearning to forget I do not know. However, alone we did it—she and I. She skates much better than I do, which annoys me very much; but, on the whole, I prefer my petticoats. Hers are black and white striped, mine are of the palest pink, frilled on the hem with pink and mauve flounces. One of the bitterest regrets of my life is that I cannot see how my petticoats look while I skate. Existence may hold for me severer trials, but I cannot imagine them.

The rink was not at all full this afternoon or at all amusing. Essie—that is my sister-in-law's name, and I ought to have

mentioned it before, but I forgot; it facilitates matters if I label my heroines instead of merely indicating them by the relationship they bear to me—is mad on executing the “Q” backwards. She spends six hours a day in a vain attempt, and her husband describes the performance in a most graphic fashion. He declares she gives first her right hand to an instructor, then her left hand to another instructor, she crosses her feet, falls down on her back, and it costs her five shillings every ten minutes. This is really a very accurate description of skating on the artificial rink when pursued with proper enthusiasm. There are very few women who dress well for the part, and the more elaborate the costume the more simple the performance. The really good skaters dress atrociously, usually wearing chiffon blouses, skirts which bear no kinship to them, and hats of even less affinity. An exception to this rule is a well-known lady of title, who wears a mauve skirt lined with green, a belt of green, and a lace bodice. Then there is a capital skater, who makes life ugly in a costume of exceedingly dirty white cloth, embroidered in crewel and silver, and hemmed with ermine. This is crowned with a violet hat, wreathed with chiffon frills, and is quite the most hideous costume I have met for many years; and the lady who wears it is such a lovely skater, too, it is such a pity she does not get some dress adviser to assist her in the selection of her frocks. I shall offer myself as candidate for the position, I think, or I would if I thought there were any perquisites attached to it. I am nothing if I am not mercenary.

THURSDAY: London is a wonderful place, but I have had to go to Ireland for a really soul-satisfying material for my bicycling costume. I discovered it amongst a lot of patterns that were reposing on Essie's library table, hailing from Hamilton



MISS MARY MOORE'S PALE BLUE CASHMERE



MISS MARION TERRY'S GREEN GLACÉ DRESS.

and Co., of the White House, Portrush, Ireland, and I see by the label attached that no less a person than her Majesty the Queen has accorded to this material her patronage. It is soft and firm and of a beautiful shade of *gens d'arme* blue. It is 56in. wide and costs 5s. 9d. a yard, and, as they say in *La Poupée*, “I love it very dearly.” It will look charming with a mauve shirt and black tie; a green batiste shirt would also be a great success in combination with it. I shall have the coat in ordinary covert coat shape, and the skirt with apron front and divided back. It is not only its colour that I like so dearly, but its texture, and of the same texture is an infinitesimally checked tweed in green and blue and dull gold. Hamilton's have excellent taste in designs. I glanced over ever so many of their patterns, and discovered just the right shade of grey for a country skirt in hand-woven Irish homespun. This is 28in. wide and 1s. 9d. a yard; and there was another very good grey, too, at 2s. 5d. a yard, and the name of the indescribably mixed tweeds was legion. I have quite determined to spend the rest of my days with a bundle of patterns from Hamilton's at my left elbow. There is a black and grey manly check striped with a thin blue line, at 3s. 3d. a yard, which I shall most cordially recommend to Nellie for her bicycling dress.

But here is the hairdresser—I must away from scribbling, and submit my head to his decorative influence in order to grace the auditorium of the Criterion Theatre, where I hear Miss Mary Moore wears a delicious dress of pale blue cashmere, with a tiny yoke of white muslin covered with lace, and the bodice elaborately tucked; and that Miss Marion Terry looks exquisite in a gown of green glacé with lace patterns and chiffon frills on the hem of the skirt, and a bodice displaying innumerable gaugings.